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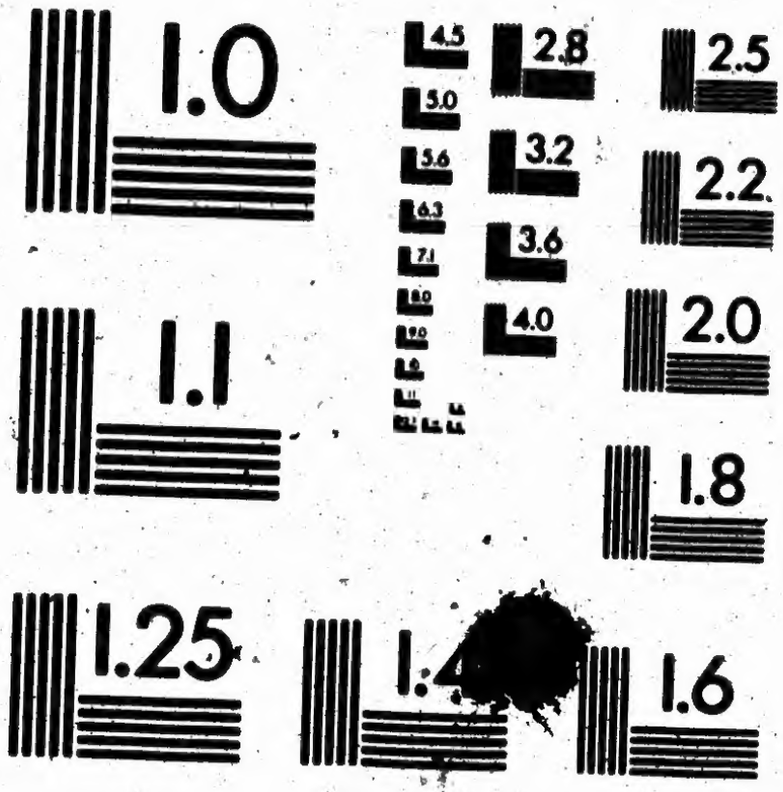

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By L. C. EVERETT.

PUBLISHED BY A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
TORONTO AND MONTREAL.
1863.

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PREFACE.

In offering this little volume of Hymns and Tunes to his young friends of the Sabbath-school, the author begs to assure them of his earnest desire and unremitting efforts in its preparation, to make it as complete and unexceptionable as possible in its adaptation to their wants.

For general use, the variety of Hymns and Tunes, it is believed, is ample; whilst, for special occasions, such as Missionary Meetings, Anniversaries, Rural Celebrations, Monthly Concerts, Teachers' Meetings, Infant Class Exercises, &c., no work of similar dimensions provides more abundantly.

Convinced, by long experience and observation in training the young in vocal music, that their tastes require the frequent introduction of new tunes, and those, too, of a more sprightly and pleasing flow of melody than those heavy, dignified compositions ordinarily heard in the regular service of the sanctuary, with the view of gratifying his young friends, he has thought it best to employ tunes of the former character mainly for this work, whilst of the latter class a sufficient number have been inserted for all occasions requiring their use.

Without further comment, the work is now presented to those for whom it is designed, with the hope that it will prove to be an acceptable and useful schoolroom and fireside companion—promoting the peace and happiness of many young hearts in life and in eternity.

L. C. EVERETT.

No. 1.—GATHERING FOR PRAISE. 6s & 5s, or 11s. L. C. Everett.

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, Dear Je-sus, to bring The breathings of love, Mid the blossoms of spring.
2. When stoop-ing to earth From the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ransom So freely was given;

3. Those arms which embraced Little chil-dren of old, Still love to en-cir-cle The lambs of the fold;
4. Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! Great Teacher! we raise Our hearts and our voices In hymning thy praise,

Our Mak-er! Re-deem-er! We grate-ful-ly raise Our hearts and our voices In hymning thy praise.
Thou deign-edst to lis-ten While children adored, With joyful hosannas, The bless'd of the Lord!

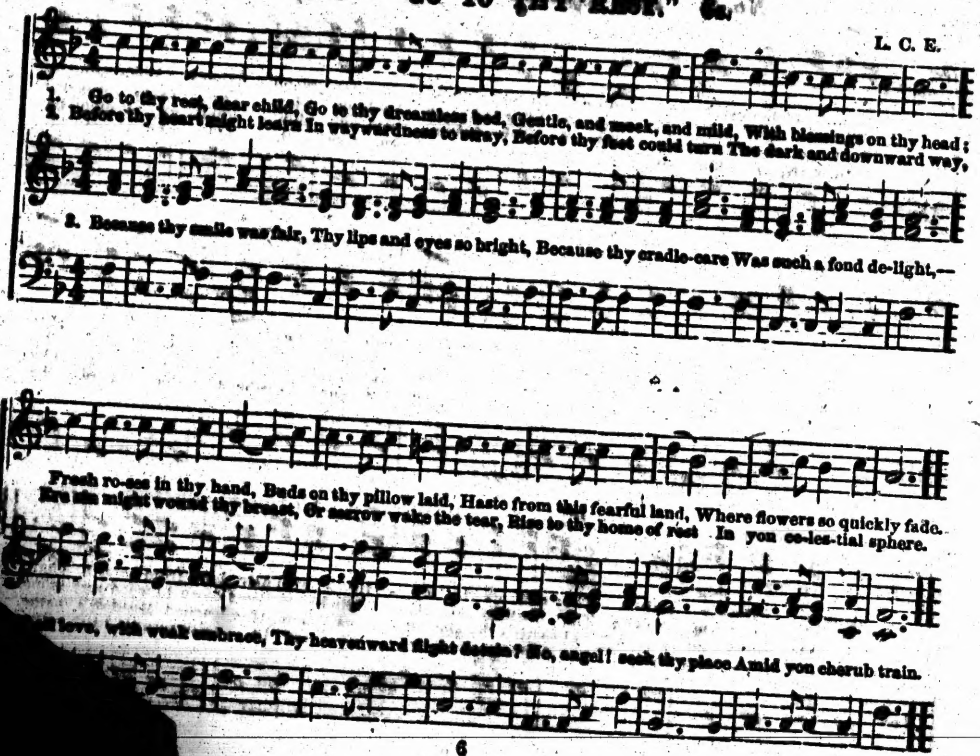
That grace which in-vit-eth The wan-der-ing home, Hath never forbid-den The youngest to come.
For pre-cept and prom-ise So gra-cious-ly given; For blessings of earth And the glories of heaven!

No. 2.—THE HEATHEN'S CALL. 7s & 6s. Dr. A. B. E.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's co - ral strand, Where Af-ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gol-den sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle; Tho' every prospect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro-claim, Till earth's re - mot-est na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deemer, King, Cre - a - tor In bliss returns to rei-

No. 3.—"GO TO THY REST." 6s.

L. C. E.



(This piece should be sung with three beats to the measure, in *larghetto*.)

No. 8 BEAUTIFUL SIGN.

By Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

1. Beautiful Si - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful ci - ty that I love, Beautiful gates of pear - ly
2. Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never

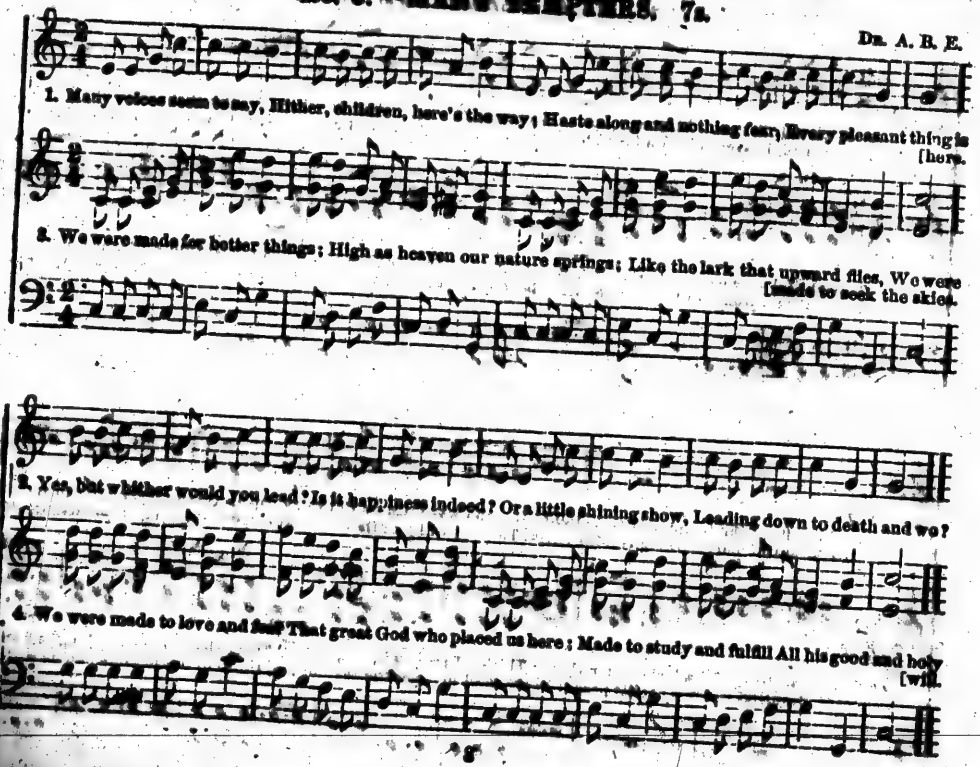
3. Beautiful crowns on ev' - ry brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed
4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the an-gels sing, Beautiful rest, all wander-ings

white, Beautiful temple—God its light: He who was slain on Cal-va-ry Opens those pearly gates to me.
tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir: There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

wear, Beautiful all who enter there: Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace: There shall my eyes the Saviour see, Haste to this heavenly home with me.

No. 8.—MANY TEMPTERS. 7s.

Dr. A. B. E.



No. 8.—"SING HIS PRAISE."

R. McCoy McIntosh.

Fine.

1. Would you be as an-gels are, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Would you banish ev-ery care,
D. C. Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
2. If the world up-on you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If you're left to sing a-lone,
D. C. For that they are blessings too, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

3. For his wondrous dy-ing love, Sing, sing, sing his love; That he in-ter-cedes a-bove.
D. C. And with an-gel choirs on high, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

D. C.

Sing, sing, sing his praise; Like the lark up-on the wing, Like the warbling bird in spring,
Sing, sing, sing his praise, If sad tri-als come to you, As to ev-ery one they do,

Sing, sing, sing his praise: Then, whene'er you come to die, You shall soar be-yond the sky,

No. 7.—WE SEEM TO HEAR. C. M. Double.

L. C. E.

1. We seem to hear a voice of praise, Here, 'mid the leaf - y bowers;
2. But if the things by na - ture taught Pour sun, sky o'er the sod,
3. To us he speaks, he guides our choice, By heaven's own book di - vine;

1. There seems a voice in ev - ery gale, A tongue in ev - ery flower;
2. Shall I be made, great God, a - lone, 'Midst na - ture's loud ac - claim?

From murmuring streams whose crys - tal mass Doth cheer the thirst - y flowers.
How high should rise our rap - tured thought Who learn the word of God.
And chide our tech - er's meek - toned voice To fix each trans - ured line.

Which tells, O Lord, the won - drous tale Of thy al - might - y power.
Shall not my heart with ad - oring tone, Breathe forth thy ho - ly name?

WE SEEM TO HEAR. Continued.

But loud - er where you lof - ty trees By sum - mer's hand are drest;
To us he speaks, from morn - ing's dell, From eve - ning's dew - y sphere;
To us he speaks, and we in praise Would still our offerings bring.

The birds, that rise on quiver - ing wing, Pro - claim their Ma - ker's praise,
All na - ture's debt is small to mine: Na - ture shall cease to be;

It swells on ev - ery gen - tle breeze, From bough, and spray, and nest.
And when the la - ty Sab - bath bell Ma - lutes the Chris - tian's ear.
Here, where cre - a - tion joins our lays And there, where an - gels sing.

And all the ming-ling sounds of spring To thee an an - them raise.
Then gav - est—proof of love di - vine— In - mer - tal life to me.

No. 8.—THE PILGRIM. (7, 11, 10, 16.) Arr. by Dr. A. B. Everett.

FINE.

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.
D. C.—I'm a pil - grim, &c.

2. There the glo - ry is ev - er shi - ning! O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
D. C.—I'm a pil - grim, &c.

3. There's the ci - ty to which I jour - ney; My Re - deemer, my Re-deem-er is its light.
D. C.—I'm a pil - grim, &c.

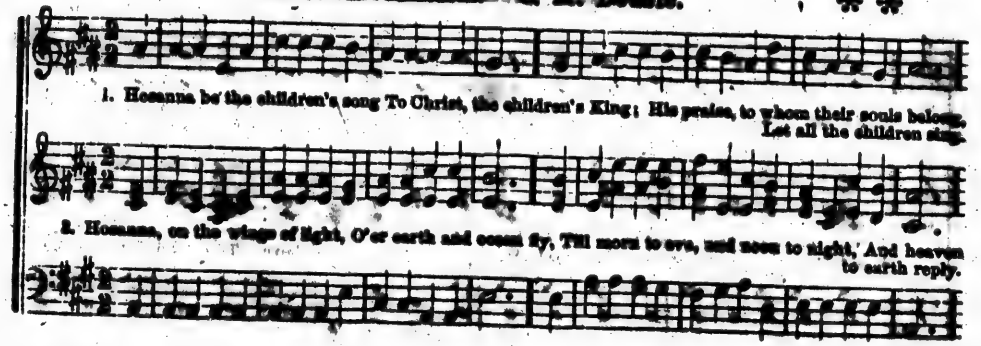
4. Fa - ther, moth - er, and sis - ter, broth - er! If you will not journey with me I must go!
D. C.—I'm a pil - grim, &c.

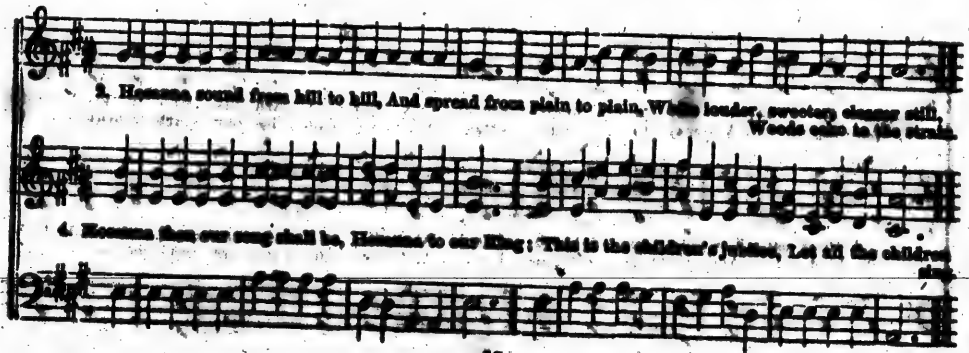
5. Fare - well, dreary earth, by sin so blight - ed, In im - mortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!
D. C.—I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.

D. C.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains ever flow - ing.
Here in this coun-try so dark and drear - y, I long have wandered for - lorn and wear - y.
There is no sor-row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
Now since your vain hopes you thus will cherish, Should I, too, linger, and with you per - ish?
He who has formed thee will soon re-store thee, And then thy dread curse shall nev - er more be.

No. 8.—HOSANNA. C. M. Double.





Dr. A. B. E.

1. The morning sky is bright and clear; A - way to Sabbath school; Let each one in the
2. In season let us all be there; A - way to Sabbath school; That we may join the

3. Let us remember, while at prayer, When at the Sabbath school; Our teachers' kindness,
4. When each at night shall bow in prayer, We'll ask our God a - bove To extend o'er teachers

class up - pear; A - way to Sabbath school; 'Tis there we learn His ho - ly word, And
open - ing prayer; A - way to Sabbath school; There we can raise our hearts to heaven, And

and their care, Towards our Sabbath school. Will be with tender, youth and child, And
His kind care, And crown them with his love. And when on earth our time is sped, And

MY [illegible] TREE. (Concluded.)

find the road that leads to God, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sabbath school.
praise the Lord for blessings given, A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, A - way to Sabbath school.

ev- ery rule and order mind, When we're at school, at Sabbath school, When we're at Sabbath school,
we are numbered with the dead, If faithful, we shall meet a - bove; We all shall meet a - bove.

No. 11.—BALDRIDGE. 7s & 4s.

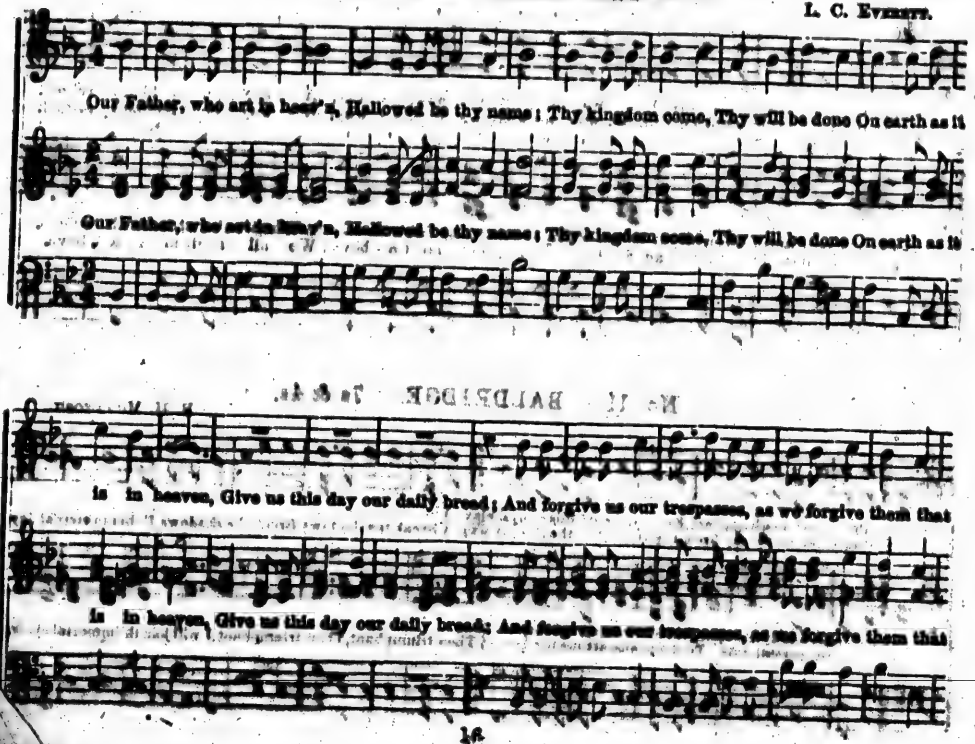
R. M. McIntosh.

1. { When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal clay, }
{ Blest Redeemer, receive my spirit, Light me thro' the gloomy way; } Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Usher in eternal day

2. { Upward from the dying clay, Bid my waiting spirit rise; }
{ Open then the crystal gate; To thy praise attune my lyre; } Then, triumphant, Then, triumphant, I will join th' immortal choir.

No. 19.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. C. Everett.



trespass a - gainst us, And lead us not in-to tempta - tion, But de - liv - er us from e - vil; For

trespass a - gainst us, And lead us not in-to tempta - tion, But de - liv - er us from e - vil; For

thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo-ry, for ev - er and ev - - er. A - men.

thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo-ry, for ev - er and ev - - er. A - men.

No. 12.—HAPPY DAY.

Chorus.

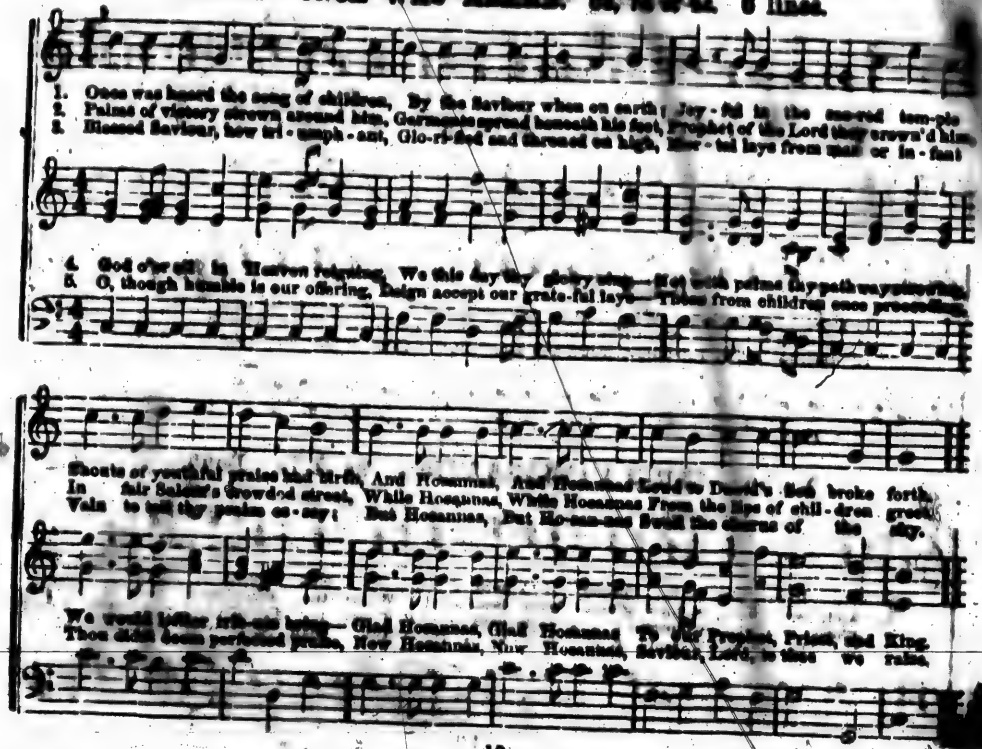
1. Preserved by thine Al-mighty power, O Lord, our Maker—Saviour—King,
And brought to see this happy hour, We come thy praises here to sing.
2. We praise thee for thy constant care, For life preserved, for mercies given;
Oh, may we still thy goodness share, And taste the joys of sin-ful forgiven.
3. We praise thee for the joy, full seas Of pardon there's a Saviour's blood;
Oh Lord, kindle our Hearts to blessing That could be hap-pi-ness and God.
4. And when on earth our days are done, Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars round thy throne, The song of Moses and the Lamb.

Hap- py day, hap - py day, Hap- py day, &c. Hap- py day, &c. Hap- py day, &c.

day, Here in the courts we'll gladly stay, And at thy footstool humbly pray, [illegible]

take our sins a - way. [illegible] day, hap - py day, When Christ shall wash our sins a- way.

No. 14.—ONCE WAS HEARD. 8s, 7s & 4s. 6 lines.



No. 15.—THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand, Why still delay?
3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a father's hand, Love can-not die.

O how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour King! Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
O, we shall happy be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
O, then ye glo-ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won; And bright, above the sun, We reign for aye.

No. 16.—SPRING CELEBRATION. 8s & 7s. Double. L. C. E.

1. We shall meet in peace to-geth-er, In this house of God a-gain:
2. And, while na-ture glows with beau-ty, While the fields are rich in flowers,
3. Then ye, in your tem-ple-pews geth-er, There no friends la-ment the dead;
4. We love that, and flee in fly-ing— We shall part— and still his wing,

SPRING CELEBRATION. (Concluded.)

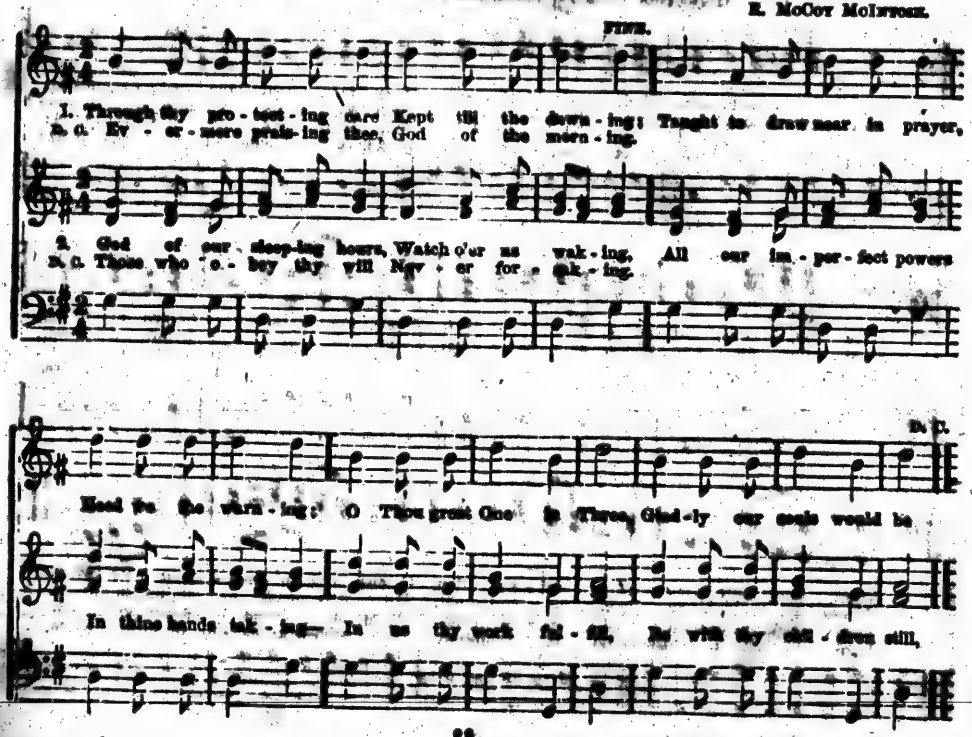
Con - stant friends have led us hith - er, Here to chant the sol - emn strain.
Shall our hearts neg - lect their du - ty, Shall our souls a - buse their powers?
And on fields that nev - er with - er, Fade - less rays of life are shed:
Sweep - ing o'er the dead and dy - ing, Which the change - ful sea - sons bring:

Here to breathe our ad - o - ra - tion, While the balm - y breeze of spring
Shall not all our hopes, as - cen - ding, Point us to a home a - bove,
There with bright im - mor - tal ro - ses An - gels wreath their harps of gold,
Let us, while our hearts are light - est, In our fresh and ear - ly years,

Like the Spir - it of sal - va - tion, Comes with glad - ness on its wing,
Where, in glo - ry nev - er end - ing, He who made us smile in love?
And each ran - som'd soul re - po - ses Midst a scene of bliss un - told.
Turn to Him, whose smile is brightest, And whose grace will calm our fears.

No. 17.—"THROUGH THY PROTECTING CARE." 6s & 5s.

R. McCoy McIlwain.



No. 18.—OPENING SONGS. M. M.

Dr. A. R. R. 1869.

1. Come, let our voi - ces join In joy - ful songs of praise, To God, the God of love, Our
2. Now we are taught to read The book of life di - vine, Where our Re - deemer's love And

3. With - in these hallowed walls Our wandering feet are brought, Where prayer and praise ascend, And
4. Lord, let this work of love Be crowned with full suc - cess! Let thousands yet un-born Thy

thankful hearts we'll raise: To God a-lone all praise be-longs, Our ear-liest and our lat - est songs.
brightest glo-ries shine: To God a - lone all praise is due, Who sends his word to us and you.

heavenly truths are taught; To God a-lone your offerings bring; Let young and old his praises sing.
sacred name here bless! To thee, O Lord, all praise be thine We'll raise throughout time's eve - ty.

No. 19.—BLESSED BATTLE FOR THE SCHOOL. 7s, 6s & 8s.

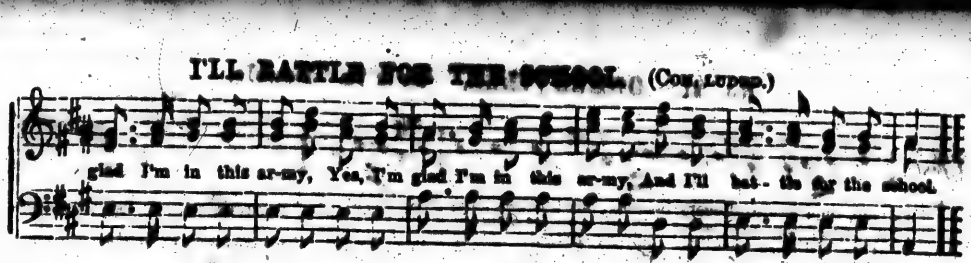
1. O, do not be dis-couraged, For Je-sus is your *Friend*, O, do not be dis-courag-ed, For
2. Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The bat-tle you shall win; Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The
3. And when the conflict's o - ver, Be-fore him you shall stand, And when the conflict's over, Be -

Je-sus is your Friend. He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, He will
battle you shall win. For the Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, For the
fore him you shall stand. You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall sing his praise for ever, You shall

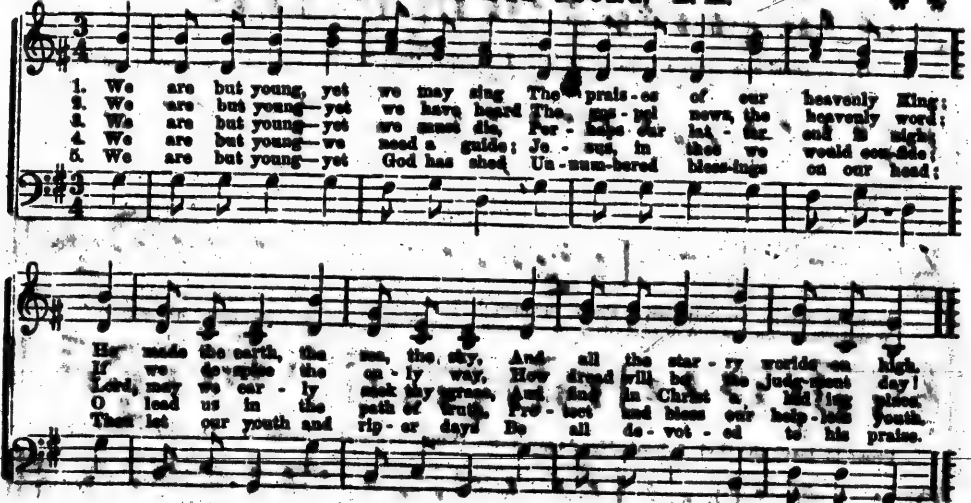
Chorus.

give you grace to conquer, And keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this army, Yes, I'm
Saviour is your Captain, And he has vanquished sin. I am glad, &c.
sing his praise for ever, In Christ's hap-py land. I am glad, &c.

I'LL BATTLE FOR THE SCHOOL. (Cor. Lupon.)



No. 20.—WE ARE BUT YOUNG. L. M.



No. 21.—GREENVILLE. 8's & 7s. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Come, thou fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loud est praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—Mount of thy re- deeming love!

2. Here I'll raise mine Ee-be-ne - zer, Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar - rive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, In - ter- posed his pre-cious blood.

3. O! to grace how great a debt- or Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fet- ter, Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to love the God I love;—Take my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

No. 22.—CARRIE. Prof. R. M. McIntosh.

1. I'll a - wake at dawn on the Sab-bath day, For it's wrong to dose ho - ly time a - way;
2. Birds a - wake be - times; ev-ery morn they sing, Nose are ter - dy there, while the woods do ring;
3. While the tuneful birds and the sum-mer's sun All in time are found with their works all done;
4. When the summer's sun awakes the flowers again, They the call o - bey—none are ter - dy then;

With my lan - sons learned, it shall be my rule Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath school.
So, when Sun - day comes, it shall be my rule, Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath school.

Shall not I, more blest, ev - er keep this rule, Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath school?
Nor will I for - get, that it is my rule Nev - er to be late at the Sab - bath school.

No. 23.—I LOVE TO GO TO SABBATH SCHOOL. L. M. Double. * *

1. The Sab - bath school's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teach - ers there;
2. In God's own book we're taught to read How Christ for sin - ners groan'd and bled;

3. In Sab - bath school we sing and pray, And learn to love the Sab - bath day;
4. And when our days on earth are o'er, We'll meet in heaven to part no more;

They teach me there that ev - ery one May find in heaven a hap - py home:
That pre - cious blood a ran - som gave For sin - ful man — his soul to save:

There, while in earth our Sab - bths end, A glo - rious rest in heav'n we'll spend:
Our teach - ers kind we there shall greet And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet

I LOVE TO GO TO SABBATH SCHOOL. Concluded.

ALL.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.
I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.

BOYS.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath - school.
In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove to part no more.

ALL.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath-school.
I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath-school.

BOYS.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sab - bath-school.
In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove, In heaven a - bove to part no more.

No. 22.—THE GLORIOUS JUBILEE. L. M. 8.

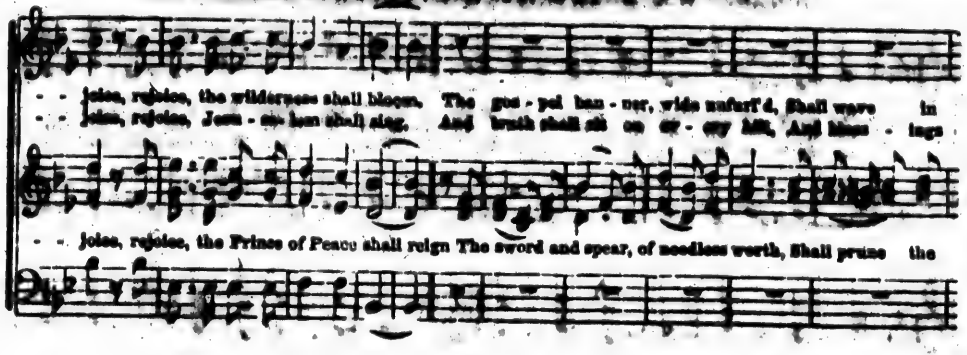
L. C. Everett.

1. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom; And Zion's children
2. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing; From Zion shall the
3. Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign; And heaven shall with the

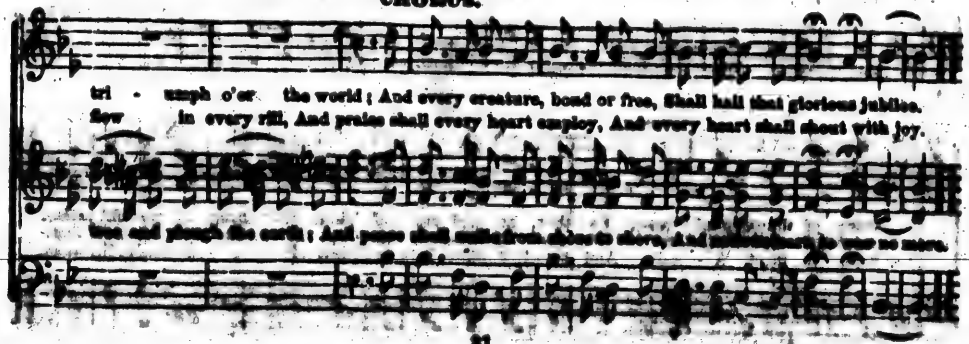
them shall sing; The deserts are all bloom - ing, Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -
law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north; Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -

people sing, For nought shall harm in Zion's peace; Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming, Re -

THE GLORIOUS JUBILEE. (Continued.)



CHORUS.



No. 97.—WE BLESS THY SANCTIFYING TEACHER.

1. We bless thy sanctifying teacher, No power of earth's deep mine! We come with sim - ple
2. The Spir - it gives of Heav - en, Love's vir - tue word of truth, To - up - lift our ly
3. Re - deem - er, great thy bless - ing! O, teach us how to pray, That each, thy fear pos -

mess - ages, To chant thy love di - vine. Chil - dren, thy fa - vors shar - ing, Their
giv - en, To guide our steps in youth! We hear the won - drous sto - ry, The
ses - sing, May tread life's on - ward way. Then where the pure are dwell - ing, We

voice of thankful praise! To - gether we - cept our off - ring, Our song of grateful praise.
life and life to - ry! We hail of Heaven's glo - ry, From the sin for - ever free.
hope to meet a - gain, And expect - ur mans - ions evel - ing, For ev - er praise thy name.

No. 23.—O COME LET US SING! 5, 7, 5, 5.

For Sabbath School celebration.

1. O come let us sing! Our youthful hearts now swelling, To God above, a God of love; Oh come, let us sing!
2. The full notes prolong: Our festal celebrating, We hail the day with cheerful lay, And full notes prolong.
3. Oh swell, swell the song, His praises oft repeating: His Son he gave our souls to save—Oh swell, swell the song.

4. We'll chant, chant his praise—Our lofty strains now blending: A tribute bring to Christ our King, And chant, [chant his praise.
5. All full chorus join, To Jesus condescending, To bless our race with heavenly grace, All full chorus join!

Our joyful spirits glad and free, With high emotions raise to thee, In heavenly melody—Oh come, let us sing!
Both cheerful youth, and silvery age, And childhood pure, the gay, the sage, These thrilling scenes engage, Full notes [to prolong.
The humble heart's devotion bring, Whence gushing streams of love do spring, And make the welkin ring With [sweet-swelling song.

Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified, "'Tis finished," then he meekly cried, And bowed his head and died—Then chant, [chant his praise!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled, And Holy Spirit, reconciled By Christ, the meek and mild, All full chorus join.

No. 27. BLESSINGS OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Words by G. W. Bungay.

L. C. Everett, Brantford, C.W., Nov. 10, 1861.

SOLO. DUETT.

1. Happy, happy days of childhood, Like the linnets in the wild-wood,
Whose glad moments fly like ours! Singing to the summer showers,

2. Pleasant, pleasant friends and teachers Truthful, truthful gospel preachers,
In the joyous Sunday-school; Preaching to the infant soul,

3. Joyful, joyful are the tidings He will save us from backslidings,
Jesus brings to anxious souls; Blessed be the Sabbath-school.

TRIO. SEMI-CHORUS.

Is the hap-py soul In the Sab-bath-school, Is the hap-py soul In the Sab-bath-school.
To the in-fant soul In the Sab-bath-school, To the in-fant soul In the Sab-bath-school.
Bless the Sab-bath-school To the in-fant soul; Bless the Sab-bath-school To the in-fant soul.

FULL CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord; Halle-lu-jah, hal-le, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord!

No. 28.—THE CHILD'S HYMN. 7s.

DR. A. R. E.

1. Poor and need - y though I be, God, my Mak - er, cares for me;
2. He will list - en when I pray, He is with me night and day,
3. He who reigns a - bove the sky Once be - came as poor as I;
4. Though I la - bour here a - while, He will bless me with his smile;

Gives me cloth - ing, shel - ter, food, Gives me all I have of good.
When I sleep and when I wake, Keeps me safe for Je - sus' sake.

He whose blood for me was shed, Had not where to lay his head.
And when this short life is past, I shall rest with him at last.

No. 29.—"THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL." C. M. Double.

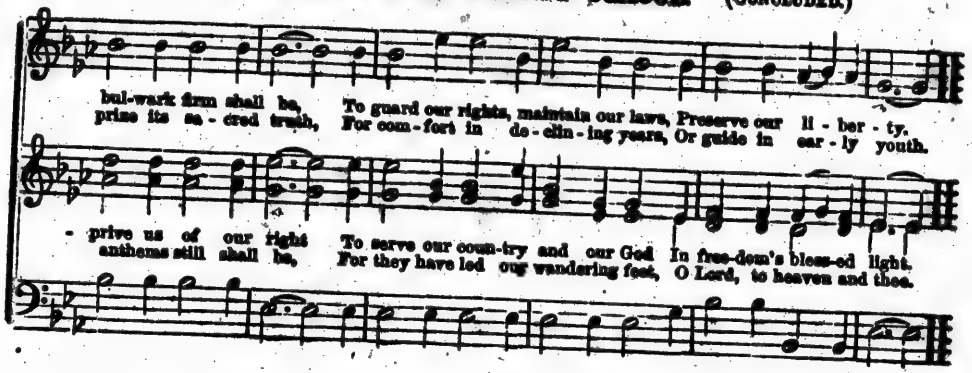
1. The Sunday School! the Sunday School! Blest be the won-drous plan! So strong its power, so
2. We hold the bless-ed Bi - ble as Our char-ter and our shield, Its pre-cepts and its

3. O ho - ly book! O hap - py day! May un - born mil - lions stand, Sur-rounded by these
4. And when we stand on Zi-on's heights, In the bright world a - bove, Where gold-en harps are

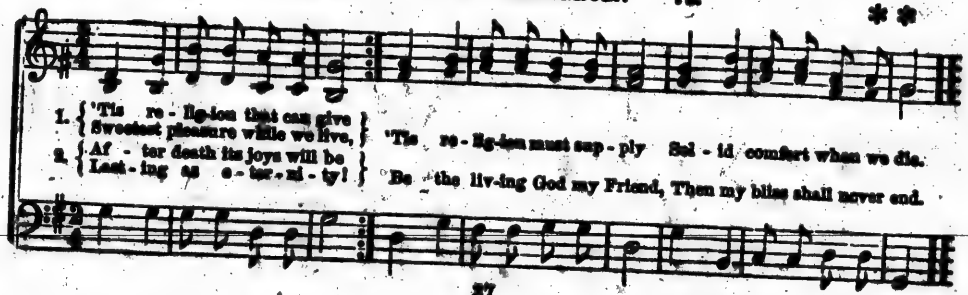
fraught with love, De-scend-ing down to man!
pro - mis-es A power-ful sword to wield;
The Bi - ble and the Sun-day School Our
With freeborn minds and bounding hearts, We

bulwarks strong, Throughout this happy land;
sounding forth The Sa-viour's dy - ing love,
Nor ty-rant's rod, nor despot's power, De-
The Bi - ble and the Sun-day School Our

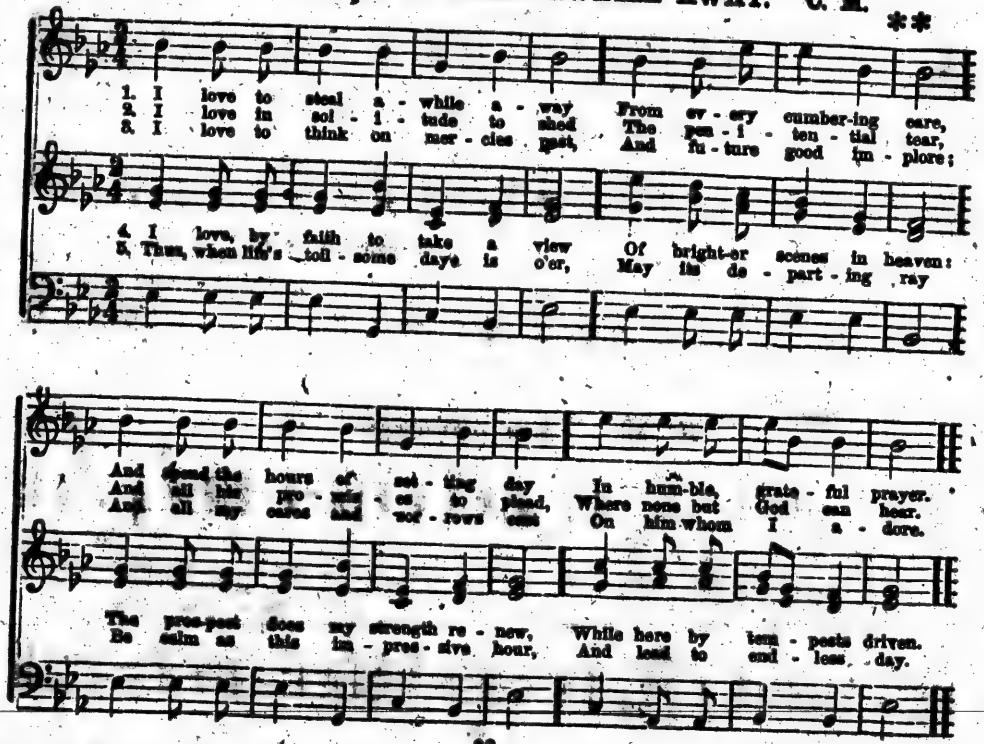
THE BIBLE AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. (CONCLUDED.)



No. 30.—"'TIS RELIGION." 7s.



No. 31.—"I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY." C. M.



No. 32.—JUSTINA.

R. McCoy McIntosh.

1. Come, chil-dren, come! God bids you come! Come and learn to sing the sto - ry
2. Come, chil-dren, come! Christ bids you come! Ear - ly seek his face and fa - vor,
3. Come, chil-dren, come! The Spirit says, come! Come, with Zi - on's sons and daughters,
4. Come, chil-dren, come! Make heav'n your home! Then, though earthly ties may sev - er,

Of the Lord of life and glo - ry; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!
Love and serve your bless - ed Sa - viour; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!
To the spring of liv - ing wa - ters; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!
You may live with Christ for ev - er; Come, come, come! Come, chil-dren, come!

Additional Hymn for opposite page.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2. Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd—
That mercy I adore.

3. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because confer'd by thee.

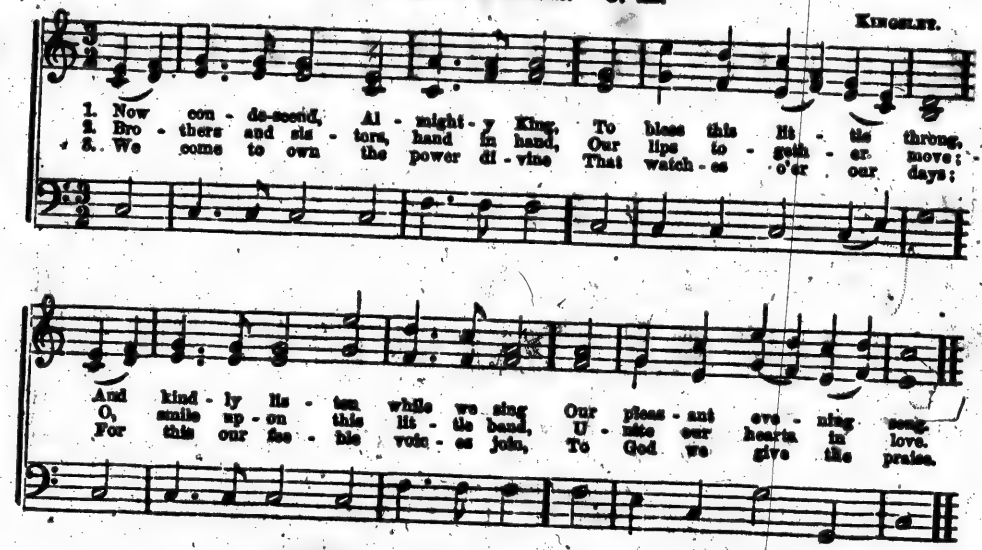
4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings the favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6. My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

No. 38.—HEBER. C. M.

KINGSLEY.



Value of the Scriptures.

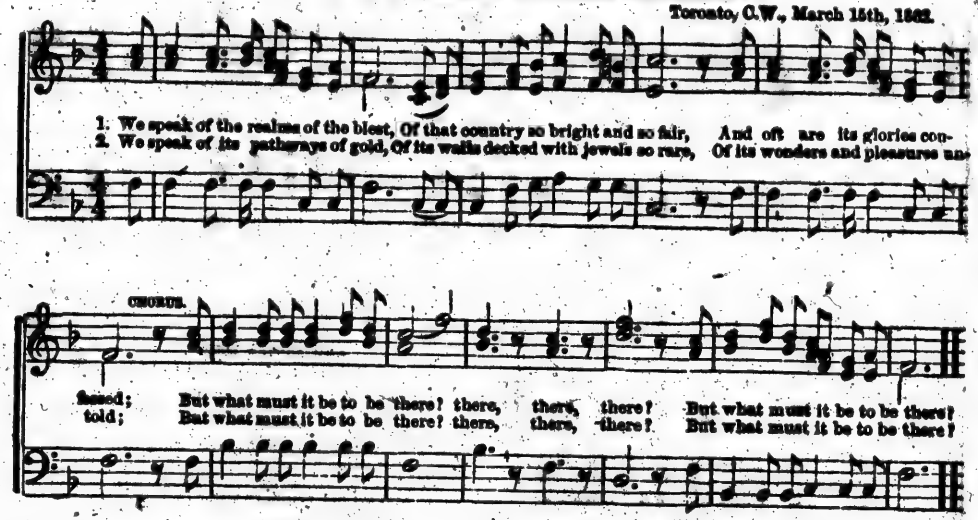
1. How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

No. 34. WE SPEAK OF THE REALMS.

Toronto, C.W., March 15th, 1862.



3.
We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,—
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

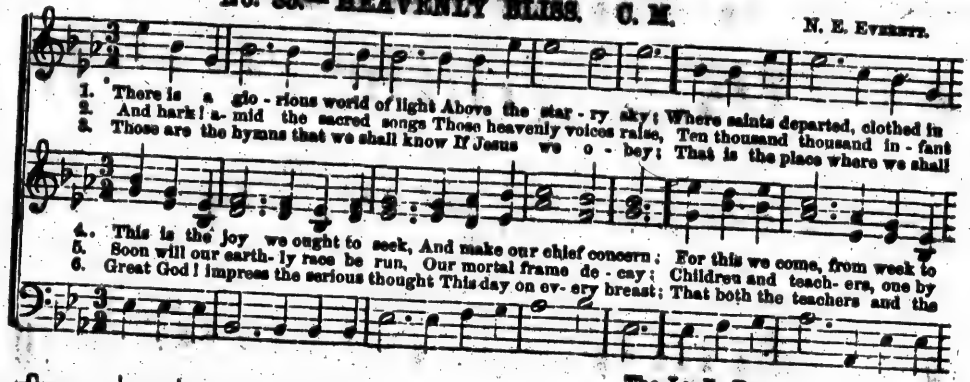
4.
We speak of its service of love,—
Of the robes which the glorified wear,—
Of the Church of the first-born above
But what must it be to be there?

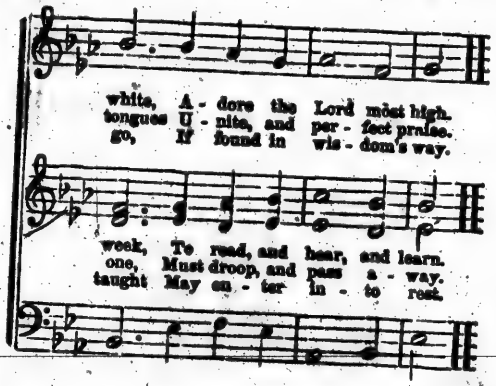
5.
Do thou, Lord, midst gladness or woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

6.
Then anthems of praise we will sing,
When safe in that heavenly rest,
To Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Who reigns in those realms of the blest.

No. 35.—HEAVENLY BLISS. C. M.

N. E. Everett.





The Lord's Day.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made,
   He calls the hours his own;
   Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
   And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day he rose, and left the dead,
   And Satan's empire fell;
   To-day the saints his triumph spread,
   And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to the anointed King,
   To David's holy Son;
   Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
   Salvation from thy throne.
4. Blest is the Lord, who comes to men
   With messages of grace;
   Who comes, in God his Father's name,
   To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains,
   The church on earth can raise;
   The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
   Shall give him nobler praise.

No. 86.—THE TRUE FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

MOZART.

1. One there is a - bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's,
2. When he liv'd on earth a - bas-ed, Friend of sinners was his name; Now, above all glo - ry rais- ed,

D. S. 1. But this Saviour died to have us
2. We, a - las! for - get too of - ten

Fine. D. S.

Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
He re- joic- es in the same. O for grace our hearts to soften! Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

Re - conciled, in him, to God.
What a friend we have a - bove.

1. Lord, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy,
O how solemn should we be?

2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

3. For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.

4. Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

No. 37.—LORD, WE COME TO THEE. 7s. Double.

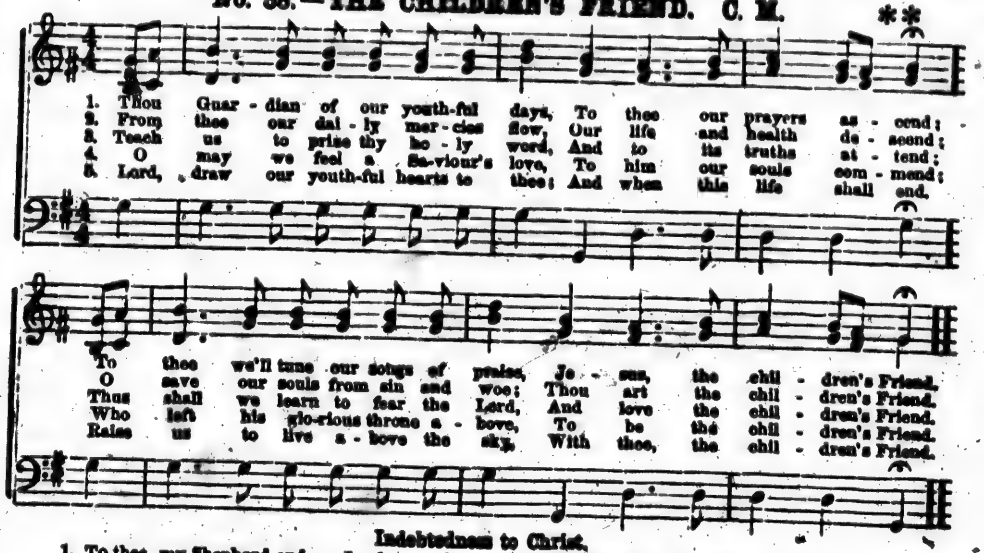
Dr. A. B. E.

1. Hear ye not a voice from heaven, To the list'ning spir - it given? Children, come! it
2. Lord, we will re - member thee, While from pains and sorrows free, While our day is

seems to say, Give your hearts to me to - day. Sweet as is a mother's love,
in its dew, And the clouds of life are few. Now to thee, O Lord we come,

Ten-der as the heavenly Dove, Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms: Thus it wins us to his arms.
In our morning's early bloom; Breathe on us thy grace divine: Touch our hearts and make them thine.

No. 38.—THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. C. M.



Indebtedness to Christ.

1. To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise;
O! let the feeblest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

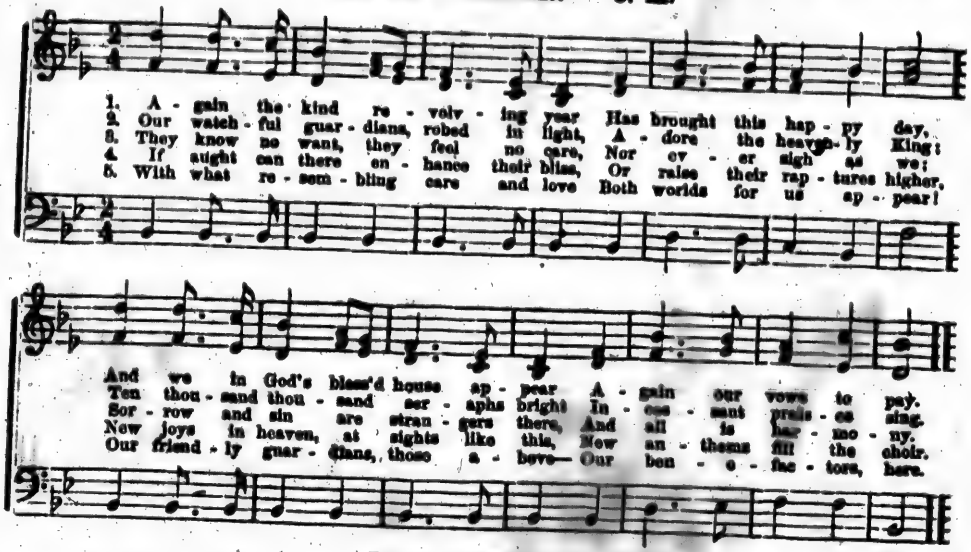
2. But how shall mortal tongue express
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
Or praise a love like thine?

3. My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

4. To thee my trembling spirit flies,
With sin and grief oppressed;
Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
And lulls my cares to rest.

5. Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee,
No evil shall I fear;
Soon shall I reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

No. 39.—"AGAIN." C. M.



For an Orphan Asylum.

1. Father of mercies, hear our prayers
For those that do us good,
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And gives the orphans food.

2. Their alms in blessings on their head
A thousand fold restore;
O feed their souls with living bread,
And let their cup run o'er!

3. For ever in thy Christ built up,
Thy bounty let them prove;
Steadfast in faith, joyful through hope,
And rooted deep in love.

4. For those who kindly founded this,
A better house prepare;
Remove them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there.

No. 40.—PARTING HYMN.

From "LINDEN HARP."

1. How plea-sant thus to dwell be-low In fel-low-ship of love; The good shall meet a-
And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet a-bove;
2. Yes, happy thought! When we are free From earthly grief and pain, And nev-er part a-
In heaven we shall each oth-er see, And nev-er part a-gain.
3. The chil-dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teachers there;
And teach-ers gain the rich re-ward Of all their toil and care;
4. Then let us each, in strength divine, Still walk in wisdom's ways;
That we, with those we love, may join In nev-er end-ing praise!

D. C. To meet, to part no-

FINE.

-bove, The good shall meet above; And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet above.
-gain, And nev-er part a-gain; In heaven we shall each other see, And never part a-gain.
care, Of all their toil and care; And teachers gain the rich reward Of all their toil and care.
praise! In nev-er end-ing praise! That we, with those we love, may join In never ending praise!
more, On Canaan's happy shore, And sing the everlasting song With those who 've gone before.

CHORUS to each verse.

D. C.

O that will be joy-ful, joy-ful, joy-ful, O that will be joy-ful, To meet, to part no more!

No. 41.—"WHILE BACK." 8s & 7s.

1. While each wrathful heath-en na - tion Noth - ing knows, O Lord of thee,
2. What a bless - ing, what a trea - sure, I pos - sess in thy dear word!
3. God's blest word re - veals the Sa - viour, Sin - ful child - ren deep - ly need:
4. Oh! the bless - ed - ness of know - ing Christ the ten - der Sa - viour's love,
5. Heaven - ly Fa - ther! give thy Spi - rit To each child who looks to thee;

In this hap - py land, sal - va - tion Rich - ly is re - vealed to me.
There I read with ho - ly plea - sure Of the love of Christ, my Lord.
Oh! what mer - cy, love, and fa - vour, That for sin - ners Christ should bleed.
Free - ly on a child be - stow - ing Grace and mer - cy from a - bove.
May we thy rich grace in - her - it! May we like our Sa - viour be.

Children commended to Christ.

1. SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2. Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3. Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4. Then within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

No. 42.—THE REFUGE. Ps. Double.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows round me roll, While the tempest still is nigh.

2. Other refuge have I none, Helpless hangs my soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe into the haven guide, Oh! receive my soul at last.

All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of thy wing.

No. 43.—FAREWELL, BROTHER! 6s & 7s. Double.

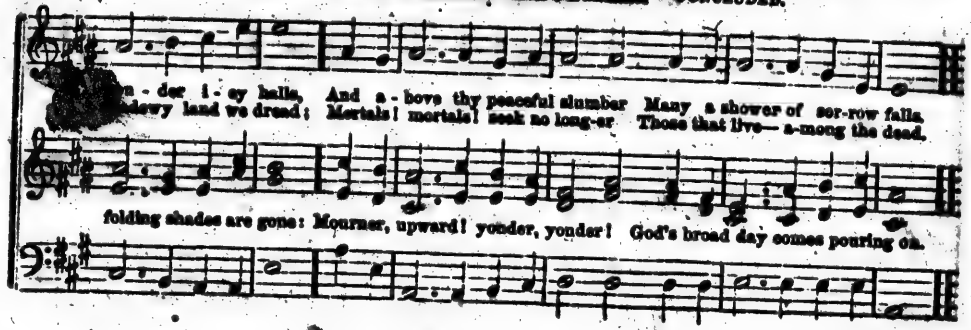
1. Farewell, brother! deep and low - ly Rest thee on thy bed of clay: Kin-dred spi - rits, an - gels
2. Hear our prayer, O God of glory, Lowly breathed in sorrow's song: Bleeding hearts lie bare be -

2. Farewell, brother! soon we'll meet thee Where no cloud of sorrow rolls; For glad ti - dings float, how

ho - ly, Bore thy heavenward soul a - way: Sad we gave thee to the num-ber Laid in
- - - fore thee— Come, in ho - ly trust made strong! Hark! a voice moves nearer, stronger, From the

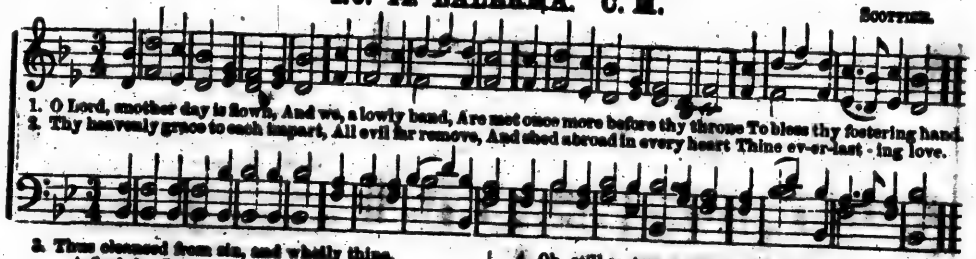
sweetly! From the glorious land of souls: Death's cold gloom now parts asun - der: Lo! the

FAREWELL BROTHER. Concluded.



No. 44. BALERMA. C. M.

Scottish.

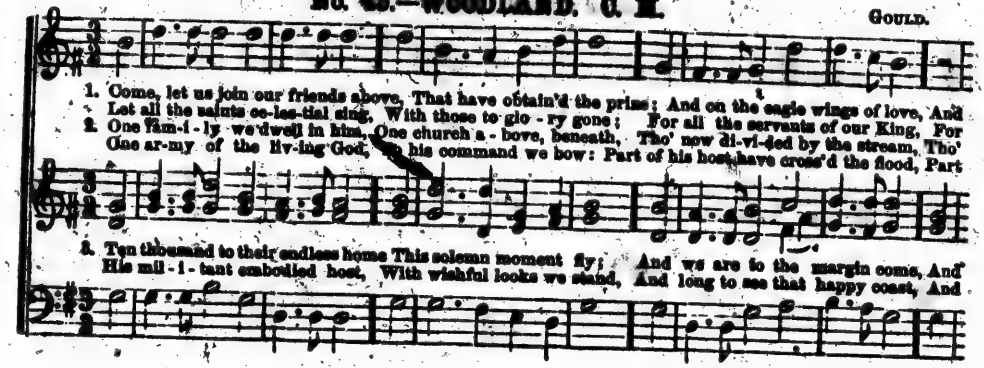


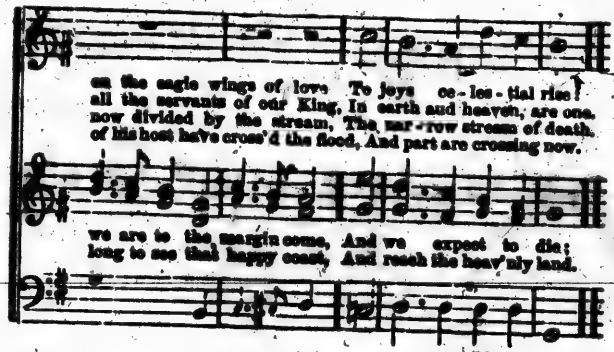
3. Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

4. Oh, still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way,
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day

No. 45.—WOODLAND. C. M.

GOULD.





4.

Our old companions in distress
We have again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

5.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

No. 46.—SABBATH MORNING. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8.

L. C. Everett.

1. Sabbath morning! Sabbath morning! Welcome Sabbath morning bright: Up we rise— we need no

2. Sabbath morning! Sabbath morning! Hearts so blithe and eyes so bright! Off to school— we need no

warning— Glad to see its opening light: Glad to see the sun adorning With his beams this Sabbath morning.

warning, Off to school with footsteps light: Lessons learning, we're adorning Our young minds this Sabbath morning.

No. 47.—FARNVILLE.

R. M. McIntosh.

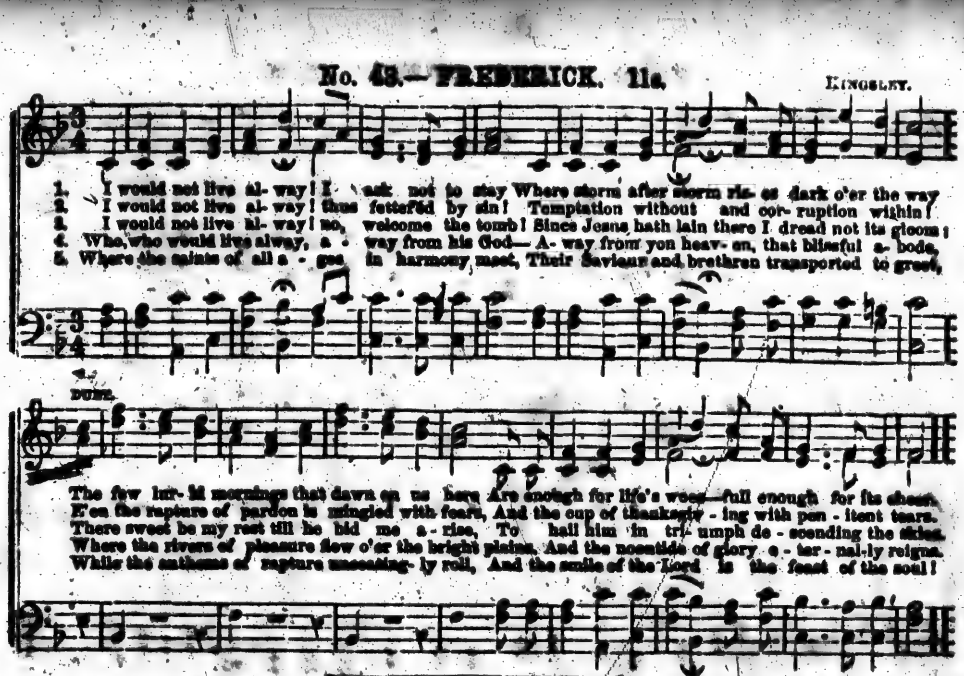
1. Just as I am— with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am— and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am— though tess'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, With

4. Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, heal - ing of the mind, Yes,
5. Just as I am— thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, relieve, Be -
6. Just as I am— thy love unknown Has bro- ken ev - ery barrier down; Now

that thou bidd'st me come to thee— O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, &c.
fears within and wars without— O Lamb of God, &c.

all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!
cause thy promise I be- lieve—O Lamb of God, &c.
to be thine, yes, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, &c.

No. 43.—FREDERICK. 11s. KINGSLEY.



1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.

2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

No. 49.—"HOW SWEET." C. M.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - lev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing-place, My

4. Je - sus, my Sa - viour, Shep - herd, Friend, My Proph - et, Priest, and King; My
5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought, But
6. Till then I would thy love pro - claim With ev - ery fleet - ing breath; And

soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest, And to the wea - ry, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace, With boundless stores of grace.

Lord, [illegible] my God, Ac - cept the praise I bring, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
when I'[illegible] thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
may the [illegible] thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.

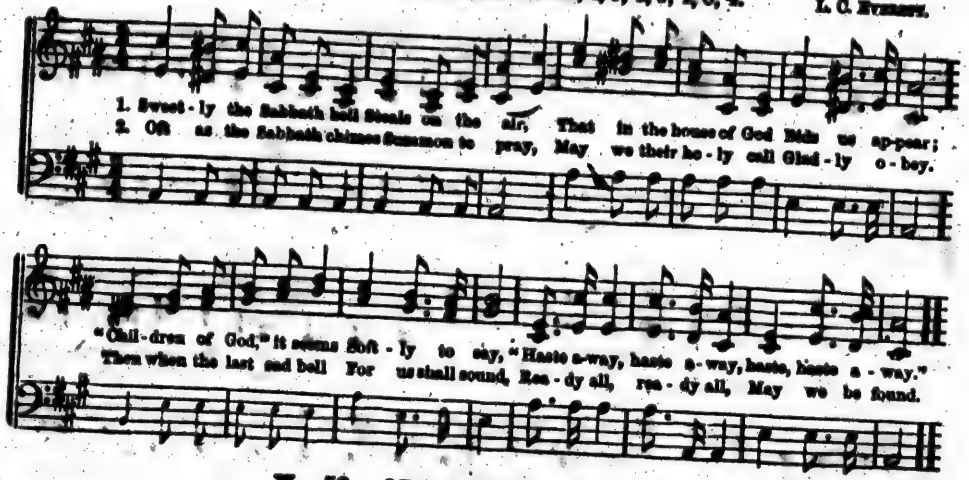
No. 50.—HARVEST HYMN. C. M. Double.

1. Once more the Lord's in - dul - gent hand Hath rolled the seasons round; And lo, a - gain our fruit- ful land We see with plen - ty crowned. He gives us rain in co - pious showers, And makes his sun to shine; And forth a flood of blessings pours, Of blessings all di - vine.

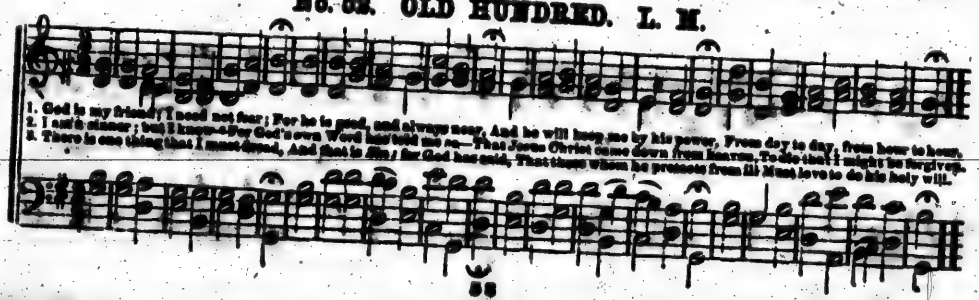
2. In vain the hus- band- man might sow, And har- row in the seed, Did God the blessing not bestow, And make his toil suc- ceed. Then let us join our grate- ful songs, The God of heaven to bless, To whom a - lone all praise be- longs, For all that we pos - sess.

No. 51. HASTE AWAY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4.

L. C. Everett.

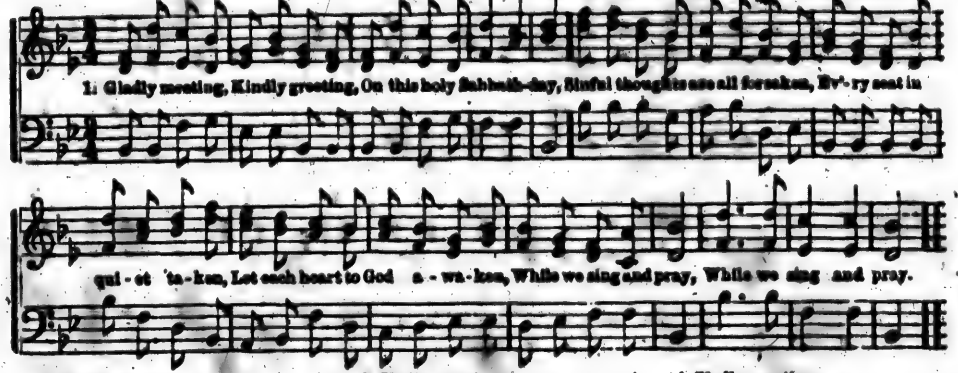


No. 52. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



No. 53. GLADLY MEETING. 8, 7, 8, 5, 8, 5, 5.

(For Opening Sabbath-School.) L. C. EVERETT.

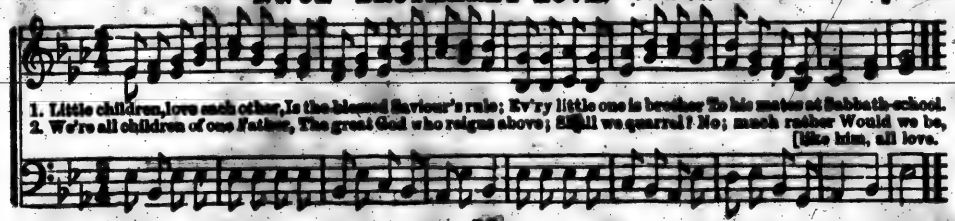


2 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
School-mates, teachers, all are here:
Some are listening, some presiding,
Some the lessons are providing,
Some the infant mind are guiding,
Filled with holy fear.

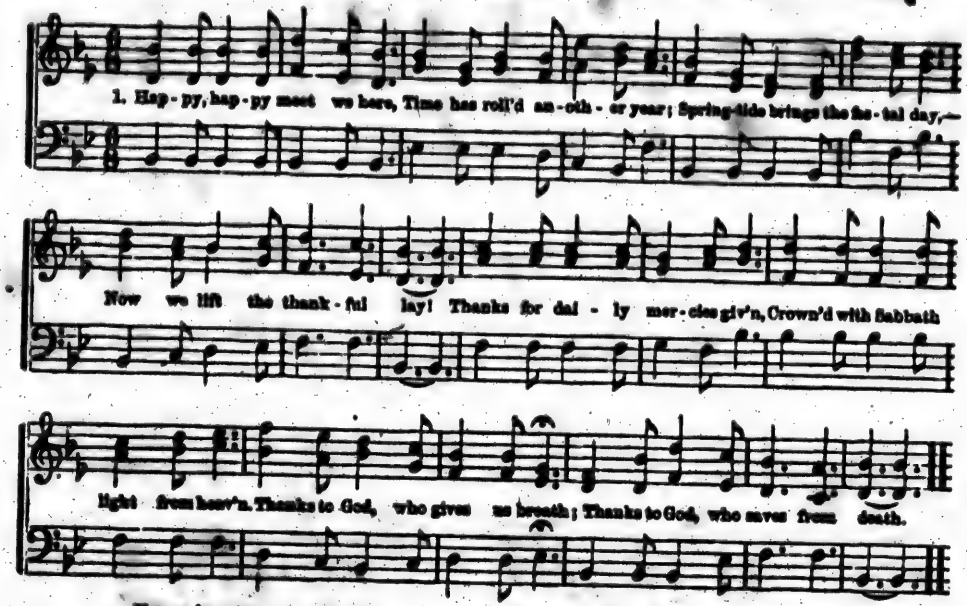
3 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

4 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return,
May our minds by study brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

No. 54. BROTHERLY LOVE. 8s & 7s.



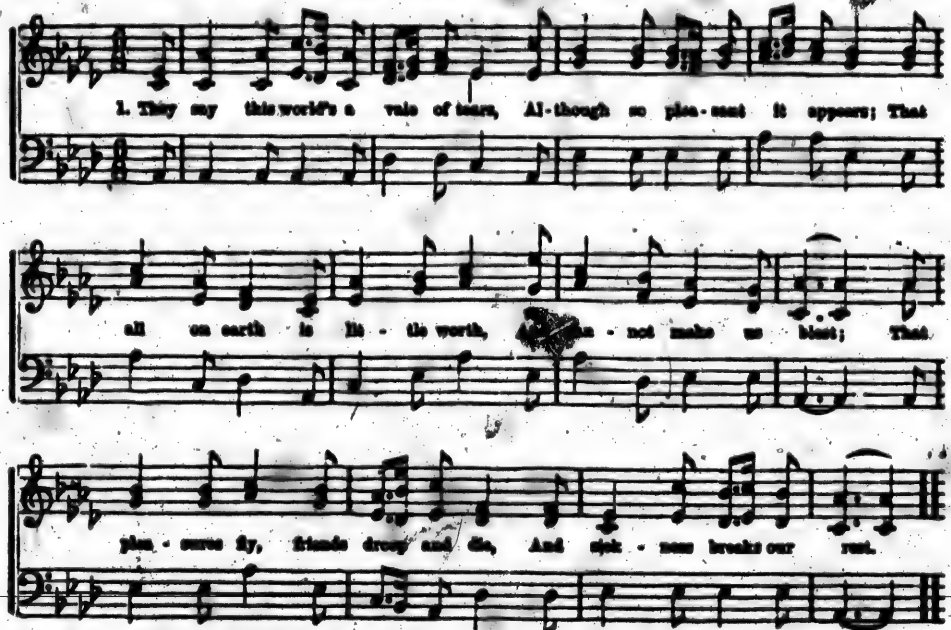
No. 55. HAPPY MEET WE HERE. (Anniversary Hymn.) 7s. Double.



Happy, happy meet we here:
Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
Let our pleasures ever be
Only those approved by thee.
Praise the Saviour's precious name!—
He to save from heaven came,—
For our sins did bleed and die—
Now he pleads for us on high.

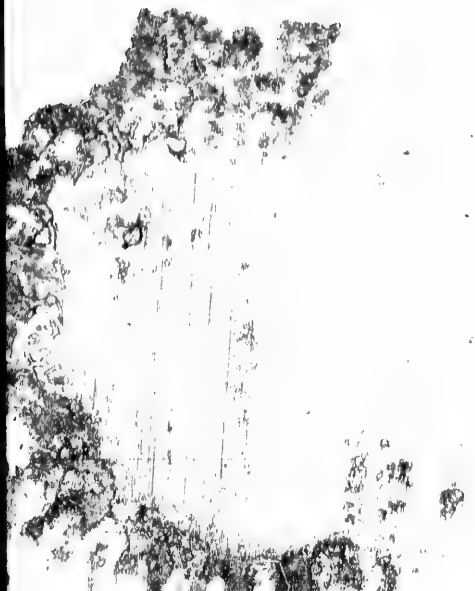
3 Happy, happy meet we here,—
Parents, pastors, teachers dear;
All, with gladsome heart and voice,
Share with us our festive joys.
Thanks to God for parents kind;
Thanks for friends with hearts inclined
Thus to guide us in the road
Leading safely up to God.

No. 56. I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. 8, 8, 8, 6, 8, 6. Dr. A. R. R.



2 So let them say; for well I know,
From God the sweetest pleasures flow,
And he could be a friend to me
Should all besides depart;
In sickness soothe, my pillow smooth,
And cheer my fainting heart.

3 While through this world my footsteps stray,
This blessed God shall be my stay,
My manna sweet, my shade from heat,
My light in deepest gloom;
His love shall flow wherever I go,
Until I reach the tomb.



No. 57. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.*

Arranged by L. C. Everett.

FINE.

1. { Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spi-rits a - bove;
Je - sus, our Sa - viour, in mer - cy, says, Come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, haste to your home.

Soon will our pil - grim-age end here be - low, Soon to the pre-sence of God we shall go:

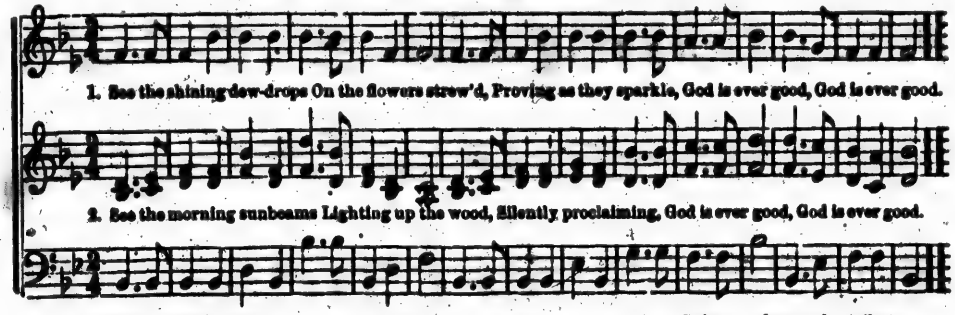
Then, if to Je - sus our hearts have been given, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, rest we in heaven.

2. Teachers and scholars have passed on before;
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome;
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb.
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

*To (double,) by omitting the first two notes in each measure. Six lines, by omitting the repeat.

No. 58. GOD IS EVER GOOD. 6s & 5s. L. C. M.

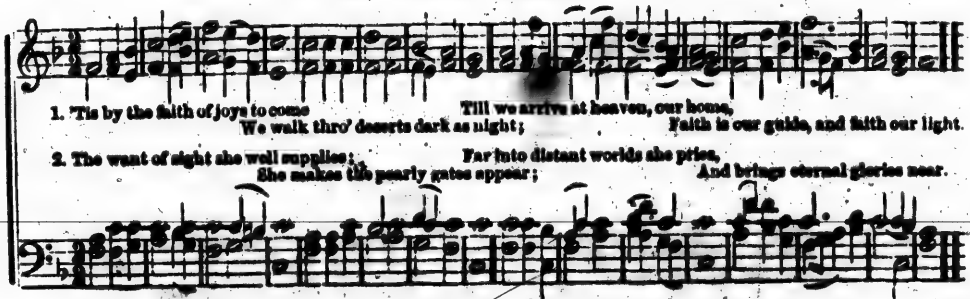


3 Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
God is ever good.

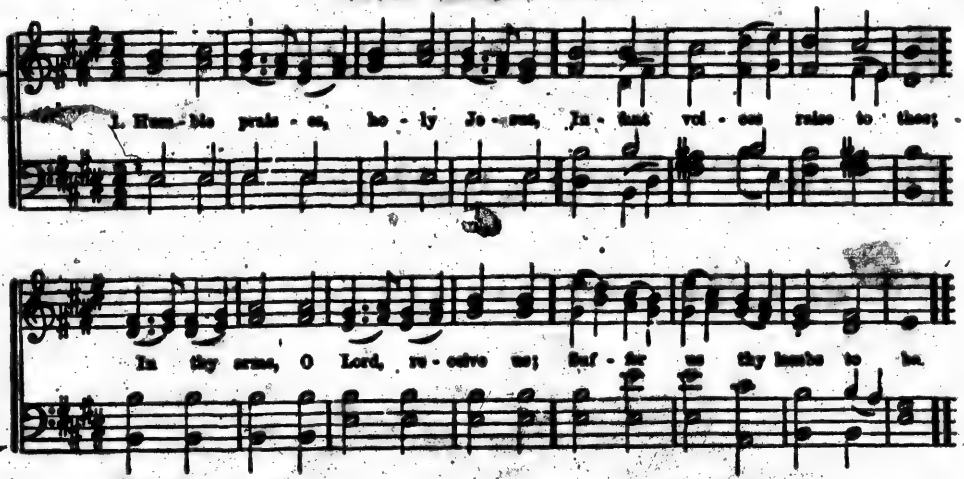
4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
God is ever good.

5 Bring my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
God is ever good.

No. 59. DUKE STREET. L. M. J. Hatton.



No. 60. SICILY. 8s & 7s.



2 Blessed Saviour, thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to thee;
Once, by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3 Thanks to thee, who freely gave us
Thy anointed Son to die;
From eternal death to save us,
Glory be to God on high.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou can smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters
And the fear of want remove.

4 What can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Behold each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

No. 81. THEN HASTE. C. M.

L. C. E.

1. When Sab-bath's sa - cred morn - ing light Be-gins on earth to dawn, We'll wake with eyes all
2. The tune - ful birds in con - cert meet, And en - rol sweet their lays: In na - ture's tem - ple

CHORUS.

spark - ling bright, And bid dull sloth be - gone.
they re - peat Their great Cre - a - tor's praise.
} Then haste to the school a - way, And

keep this sa - cred day? Yes, haste a - way—yes, haste a - way, And keep this sa - cred day.

3 From valley, field, and mountain air
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus lend desires
That God forever reigns.
Chorus: Then haste, &c.

4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pardoning grace.
Chorus: Then haste, &c.

5 Then, with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice
And join in prayer and praise.
Chorus: Then haste, &c.

No. 62. WE'RE MARCHING. C. M. Double.

L. O. Everett.

1. We're march-ing to the prom-ised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our hap-py
2. The Sa-viour feeds his lit-tle flock, His grace is free-ly given; The liv-ing wa-ters

CHORUS.

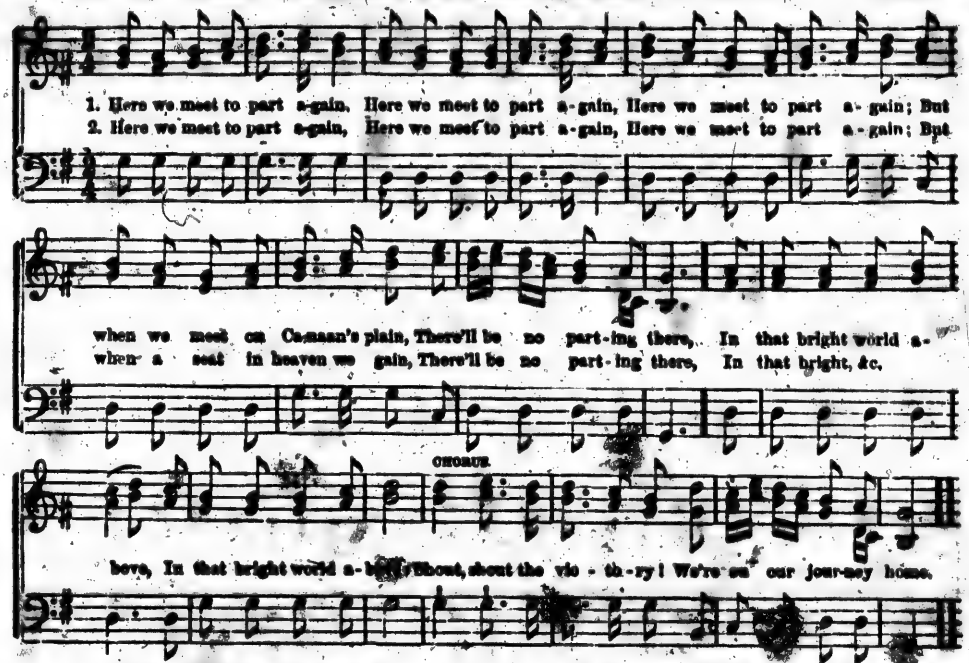
youth-ful band, And seek the plains of light.
from the rock, And dai-ly bread from heaven.
} Oh, come and join our youth-ful band, Our

songs and tri-umphs share; We soon shall reach the promised land And rest for-ev-er there.

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And joyful voices there shall join
With the angelic choir.
Chorus: Oh, come and join, &c.

4 Our teachers kind do point the way
And guide our feet aright.
To those bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.
Chorus: Oh, come and join, &c.

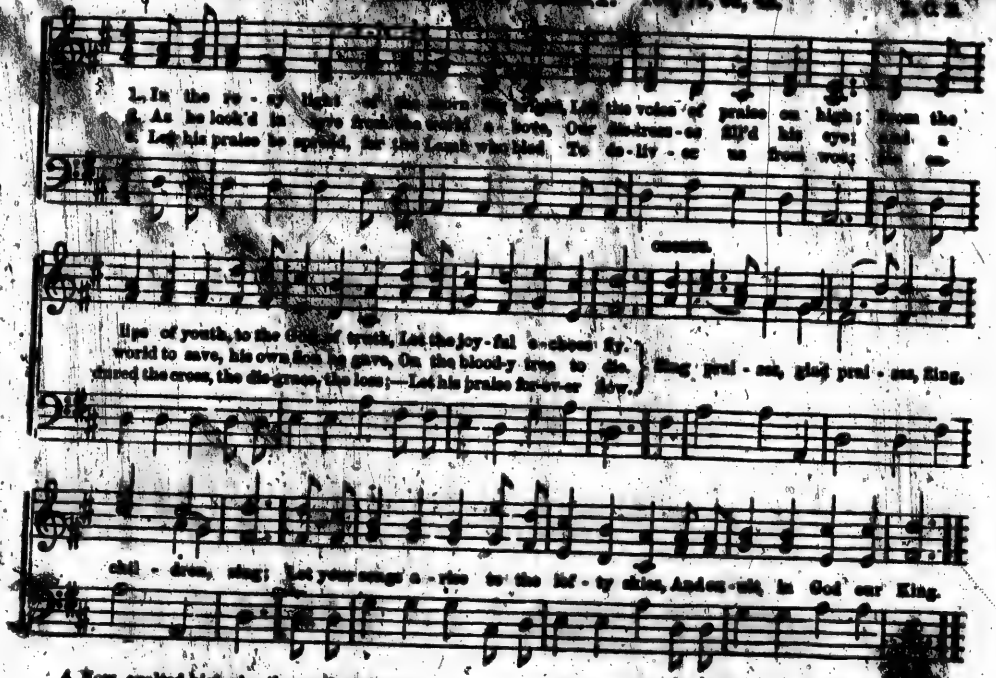
No. 63. HERE WE MEET TO PART AGAIN. 7s, 8s & 6s. D. C. EVERETT.



3 Here we meet to part again;
But there we shall with Jesus reign.
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Chorus: Shout, shout the victory! &c.

4 Here we meet to part again;
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above.
Chorus: Shout, shout the victory! &c.

No. 64. IN THE DAWN OF LIGHT. 10, 7s, 6s, &c.

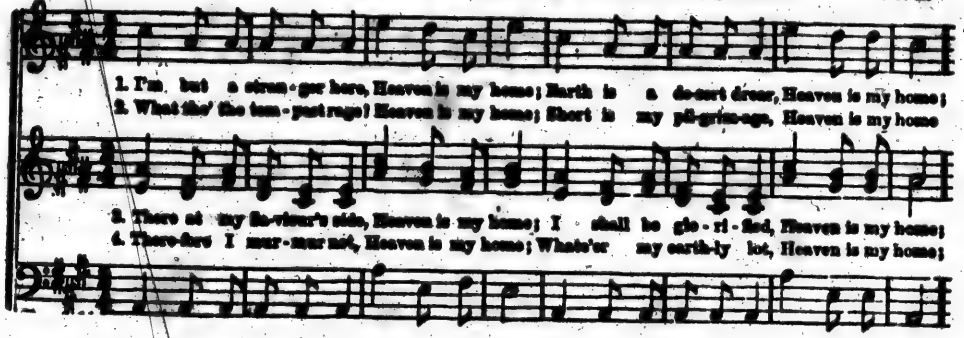


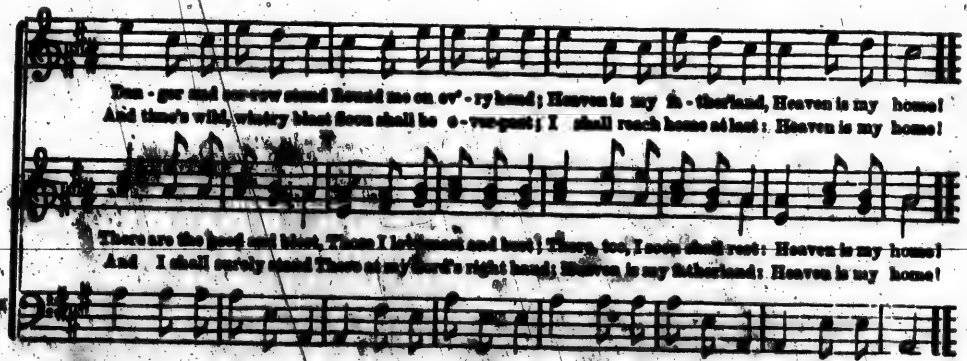
4 Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still,
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.

5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
In his arm we'll fly, on his grace
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.

No. 65. I'M BUT A STRANGER HERE. 6s & 5s.

L. C. R.





No. 66. CAN I, A LITTLE CHILD? 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. L. C. Everett.

1. Can I, a lit - tle child, Do a - ny thing for those Who are by sin de - filed, To
2. First, then, I would im - plore The Lord to change their heart: Then from my lit - tle store I

3. How would such joyful news Their in - most souls de - light! And who would then re - fuse To

light - en their sad woes? I can - not see a rea - son why I should not, if I real - ly try.
free - ly will im - part, That some kind teacher may be giv'n To point out Christ, the way to heav'n.

give their fee - ble mite, That ev' - ry heathen child may know What blessings Jesus can be - stow?

No. 67. THE SHINING SHORE.

G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pilgrim stran - ger, Would not de - tain them
2. Our ab - sent king the watchword gave, "Let ev' - ry lamp be burn - ing." We look a - far, a-
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row; For hope will sing, with
4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise, Each object on earth to sev - er, There bright and joy - ous

as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan - ger:
cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing:
courage bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor - row:"
in the skies—There is our home for ev - er:

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our

friends are call - ing o - ver; And, just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - co - ver.

No. 68. CANAAN.

CHORUS.

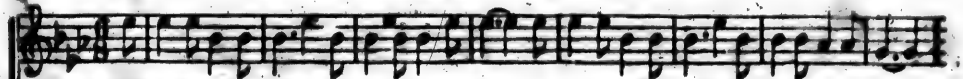
1. To-geth-er let us sweet-ly live, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
To-geth-er let us sweet-ly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
2. If you get there be-fore I do, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to tra - vel on, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
4. Then come with me, beloved friends, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan.
5. Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

O Canaan, bright Canaan, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan; O Canaan, it is my hap-py home, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

No. 69. SERVE GOD TO-DAY.

1. Now the shadows of night are gone; Now the morning light is come; Lord, may we be thine to-day; Drive the shades of sin away.
2. Fill our souls with heav'nly light, Banish doubt, and clear our sight; In thy service, Lord, to-day, May we labor, watch, and pray.
3. When our work of life is past, Call us to thee at last; Night and sin will be no more When we reach the heavenly shore.

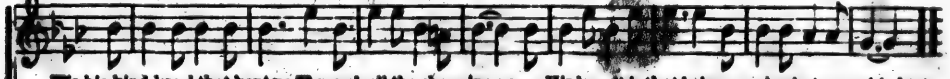
No. 70. WE MEET AGAIN. 7s & 6s. L. C. S.



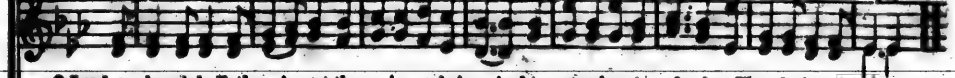
1. We meet again in gladness, And thankful voices raise: To God, our heav'nly Father, We'll tune our grateful praise:
2. We'll thank him for the Sabbath, This day of ho-ly rest, And for the blessed Bible, The book that we love best;

3. We'll thank him for our country, The land our fathers trod—For liberty and conscience, And right to worship God.
4. Soon may thy gracious sceptre Ex-tend to ev'-ry land, And all as willing subjects Submit to thy command.

'Tis his kind hand that kept us Through all the changing year: His love it is that brings us Again to worship here.
For Sabbath-school and teachers, To us so kindly giv'n, To guide us in the pathway That leads to joys in heav'n.



O Lord, our heav'nly Father, Accept the praise we bring, And tune our hearts and voices Thy glorious name to sing.
Send forth the gospel tidings, And hasten on the day When ev'ry isle and nation Shall own Messiah's sway.



No. 71. AWAY TO SCHOOL. 8s & 6s.

L. C. M.

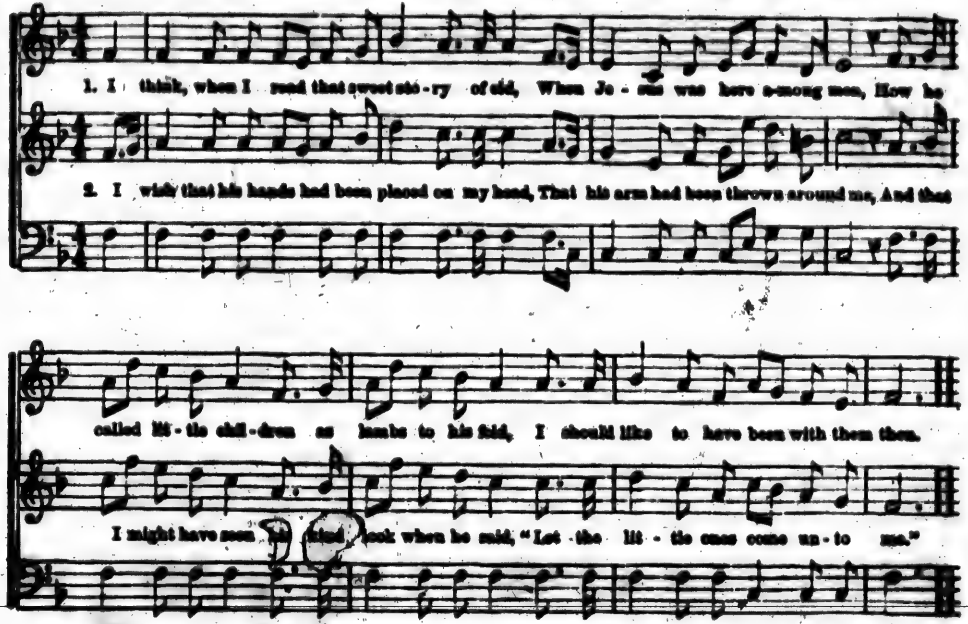
1. Our youth-ful hearts for learn-ing burn—A-way, a-way to school: To mi-nice now our
2. Be-hold, a hap-py band ap-pears—A-way, a-way to school: The shout of joy now
3. No more we walk, no more we play—A-way, a-way to school: In stu-dy now we

steps we turn—A-way, a-way to school. Fare-well to home and all its charms, We
fills our ears—A-way, a-way to school. The voi-ces ring, the hands they wave—Each
spend the day—A-way, a-way to school. U-nit-ed in a peace-ful band, We're

CHORUS.

break from love's pa-ter-nal arms,
heart rebounds with vigor brave—
join'd in heart and join'd in hand:
} A-way to school—a-way to school, A-way, a-way to school.

No. 73. I THINK WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.



3. Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above;

4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

No. 72. STAND UP FOR JESUS. 10s.

1. Stand up for Je - sus! all who hold his host! Crown'd with the splendors of the Ho - ly Ghost
2. Stand up for Je - sus! ye of ev' - ry name! All one in prayer, and all with praise a - flame!
3. Stand up for Je - sus! Lo! at God's right hand Je - sus him-self for us de-lights to stand!

Shrink from no fo, to no temp-ta-tions yield, Urge on the tri-umphs of this glo-rious field.

For - get the sad estrangement of the past, With one con-sent in love and peace at last.
Let saints and sin - ners won-der at his grace; Let Jews and Gen-tiles blend, and all our race.

No. 74. FESTIVE SONG. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4. (For Spring Celebration.)

1. Come, join the fes-tive song, Wake voi-ces all : Chime with the vernal throng, List to the call : Hear we in
2. Lord of the roll-ing year, 'Round and a-bove, Boundless thy works appear, Boundless thy love : All, all in

3. Joy-ous we swell the train, Thankful to thee—Watch'd by thy care, again Springtide to see : Still in this
4. On-ward for - ev - er flow Truth's mighty wave : Span every clime below Conquer and save. Sweet as the

ev' - ry breeze, From vale and moun-tain trees, Glad notes of na - ture say, Join ye my lay.
earth and sky, As glide the sea - sons by, New glo - ries of thy name Ev - er pro - claim.

gos - pel land Throughout the Sabbath band, Un - der truth's ca - no - py, Hap - py and free.
voice of spring, Then ev' - ry tongue shall sing, Glo - ry to God on high, Glo - ry for ays.

No. 75. WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU.

Word by I. P. Williams. Arr. by I. P. Williams.

1. A year a-gain has passed a-way! Time swift-ly speeds a - long; We come a-gain to
2. We come, the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us
3. We'll sing of mer-cies dai-ly given, Through ev - ry pass - ing year, We'll sing the pro - mises
4. We'll sing of many a hap - py hour We've passed in Sunday - school, Where truth, like summer's
5. Our youthful hearts will glad-ly raise, Our voi - ces sweet-ly sing, A gene - ral song of

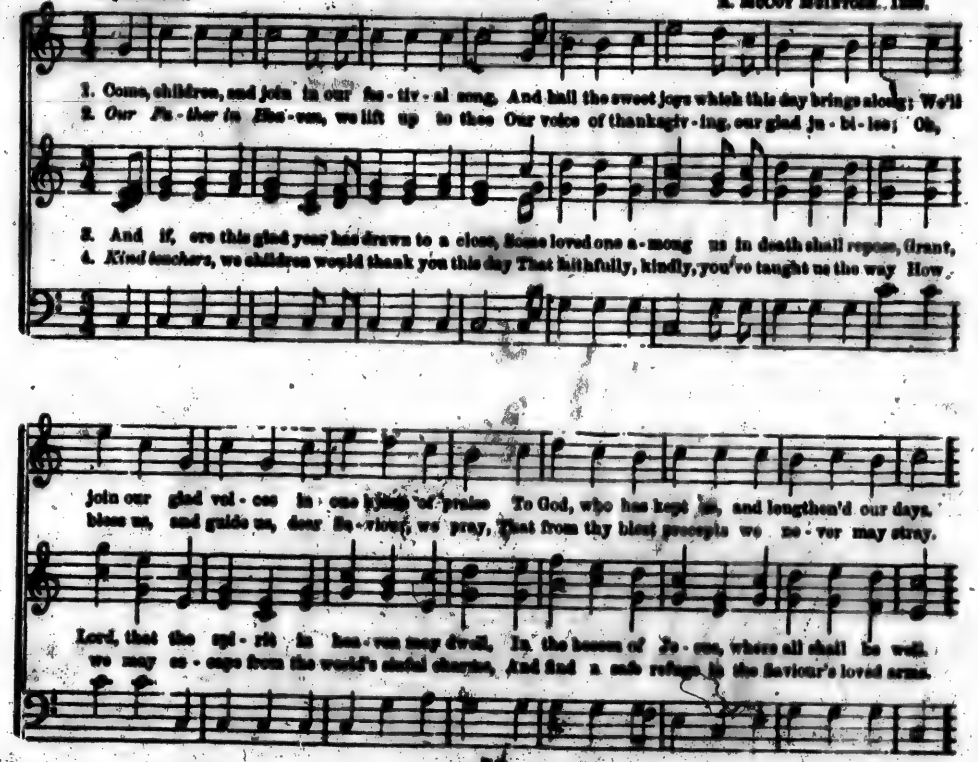
praise and pray, And sing our greet-ing song. We come, we come, we
all our days, And guides to heaven a - bove. We come, &c.
of Heaven With voi - ces loud and clear.
ge - nial showers, Extends its gra-cious rain.
grateful praise, To heaven's e - ter - nal King.

CHORUS. *f* REPEAT. *p*

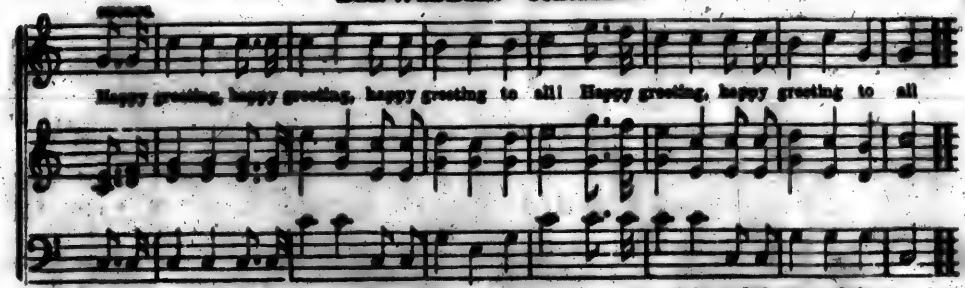
come with song to greet you, We come, we come, we come with song a - gain.

No. 77. DEWIDDIE.

In quick time. R. McCoy McIntosh, 1869.



DENWIDDIE. Concluded.

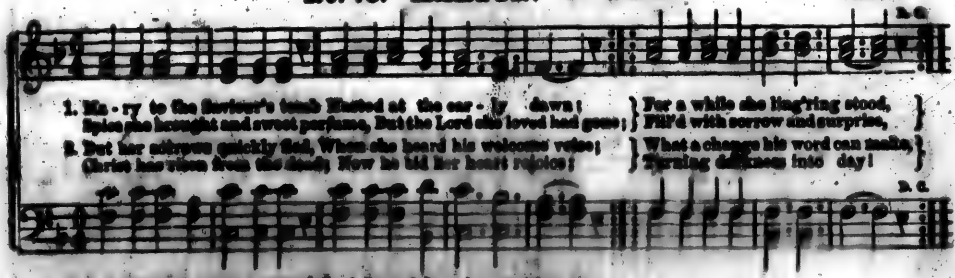


5 *Dear Pastor*, we ask thee, as lambs of thy fold,
To teach us that wisdom more precious than gold;
Our footsteps to guide in the pathway of truth,
To "love our Creator in the days of our youth."

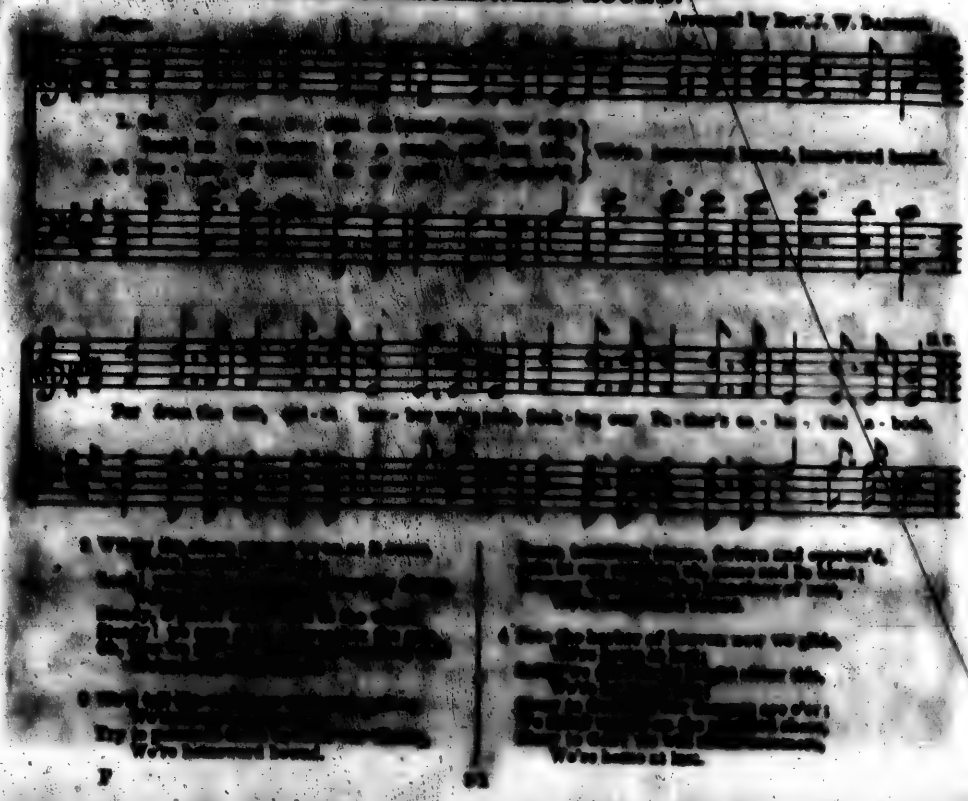
6 And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here:
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."

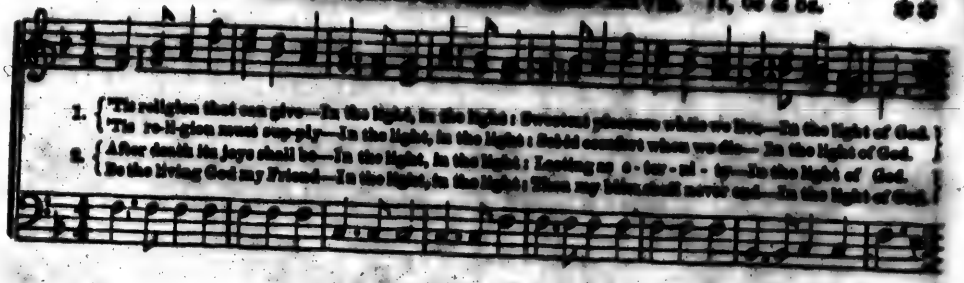
In renewal anniversaries, omit the last two verses.

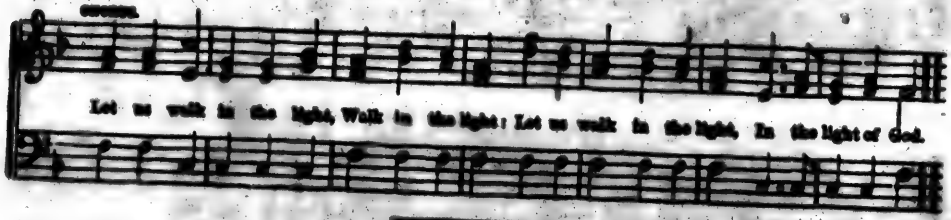
No. 78. MARTYN. 7s. Double.



D. C. 1. Trembling, while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.
2. Ye who weep for Jesus' sake, He will wipe your tears away.







PLEASANT is the Sabbath hour—
In the light, in the light:
Heavenly peace of love to shower—
In the light of God.
But a more exalted lot—
In the light, in the light:
Remains where angel spirits sup—
In the light of God.
Chorus: Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light:
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And the children ever go
Where eternal pastures grow?
Chorus: Let us walk, &c.

3 Yes, that bliss ever ever may be:
All the good shall Jesus see
In the good a most complete
Where the glorious Godhead reigns.
Chorus: Let us walk, &c.

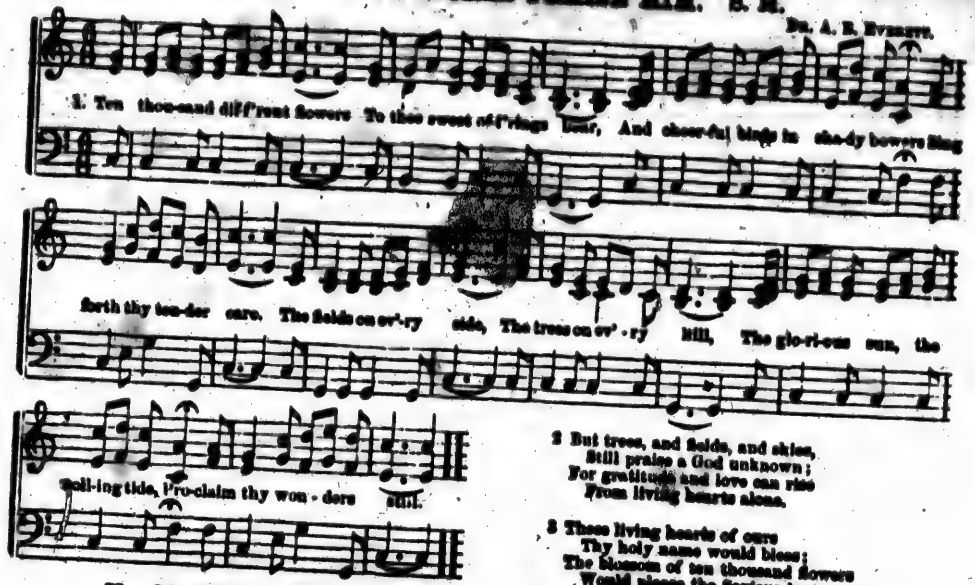
No. 81. LITTLE DROPS OF WATER. 6s & 5s. L. C. M.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might-y o - cean And the pleasant

land. Thus the little minutes, [illegible] Make the might-y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 82. GOD'S WORKS PRAISE HIM. S. M.

Dr. A. R. Everett.



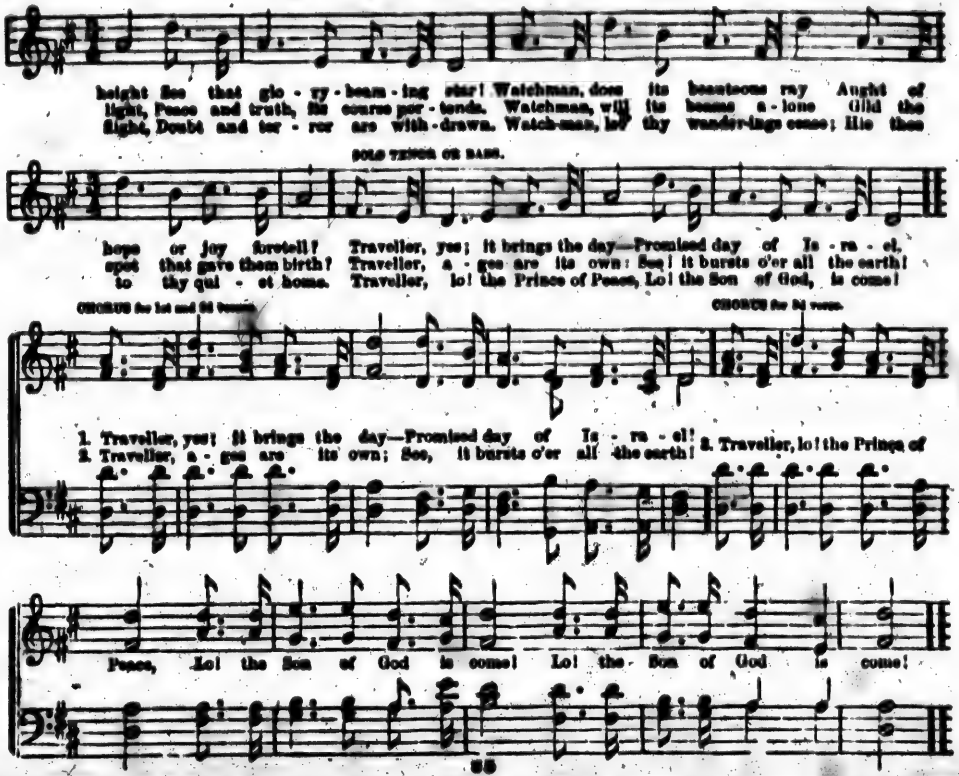
2 But trees, and fields, and skies,
Still praise a God unknown;
For gratitude and love can rise
From living hearts alone.

3 Those living hearts of ours
Thy holy name would bless;
The blossom of ten thousand flowers
Would please the Saviour less.

No. 83. WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. 7s, Double.

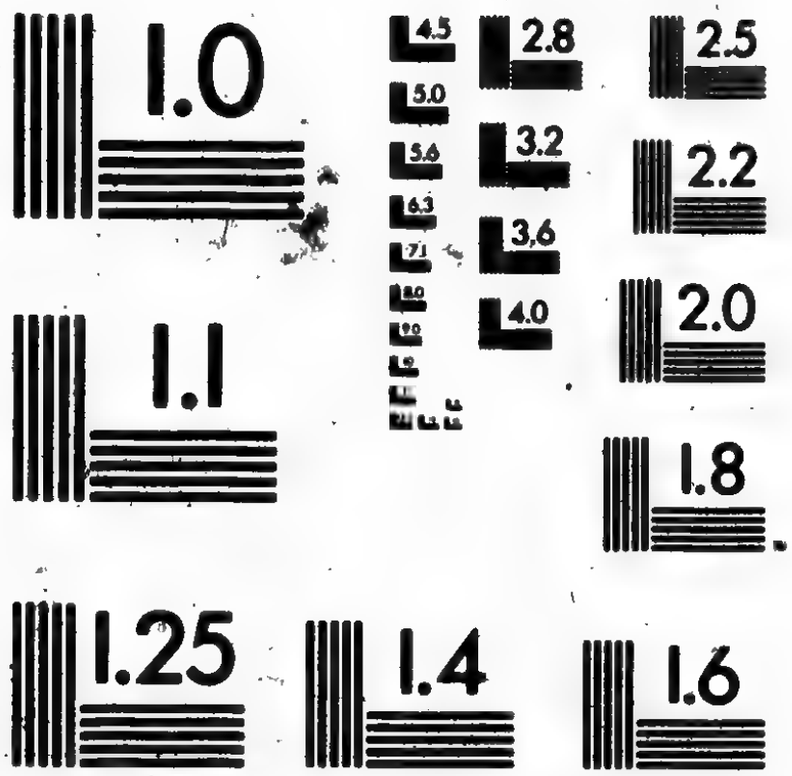
Dr. Lowell Mason.

WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT. (Concluded.)



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

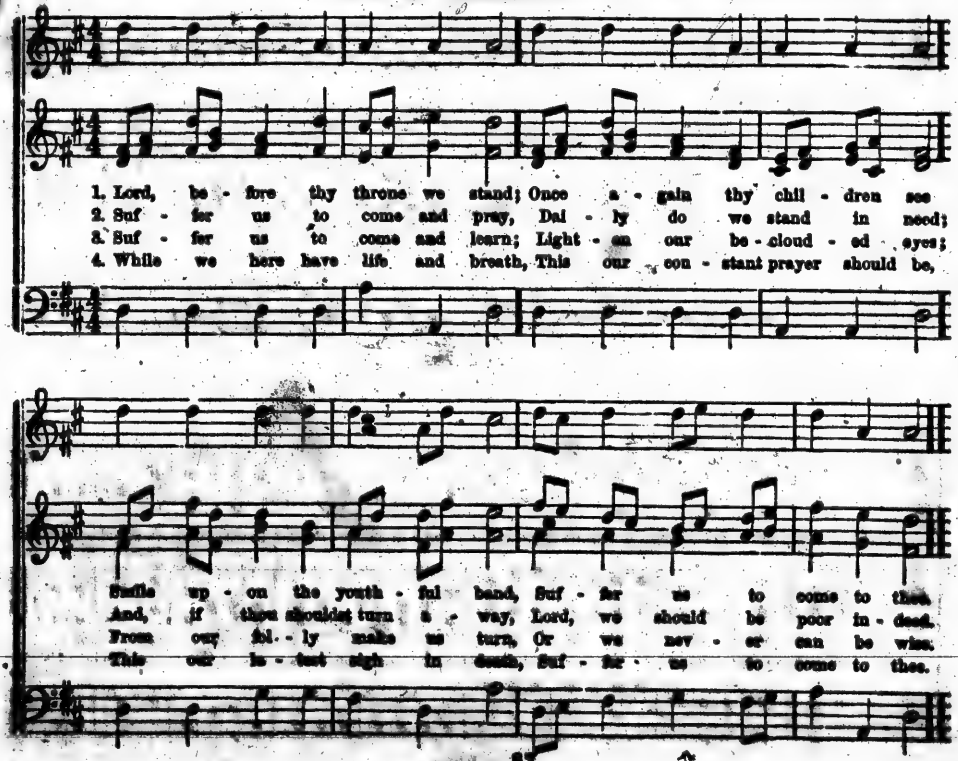
No. 84. SWEADNER. C. M. R. G. Everett, Feb. 1846.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge, come, Let storms of sorrow fall, So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peaceful breast.

Oh, hallelujah! Oh, hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

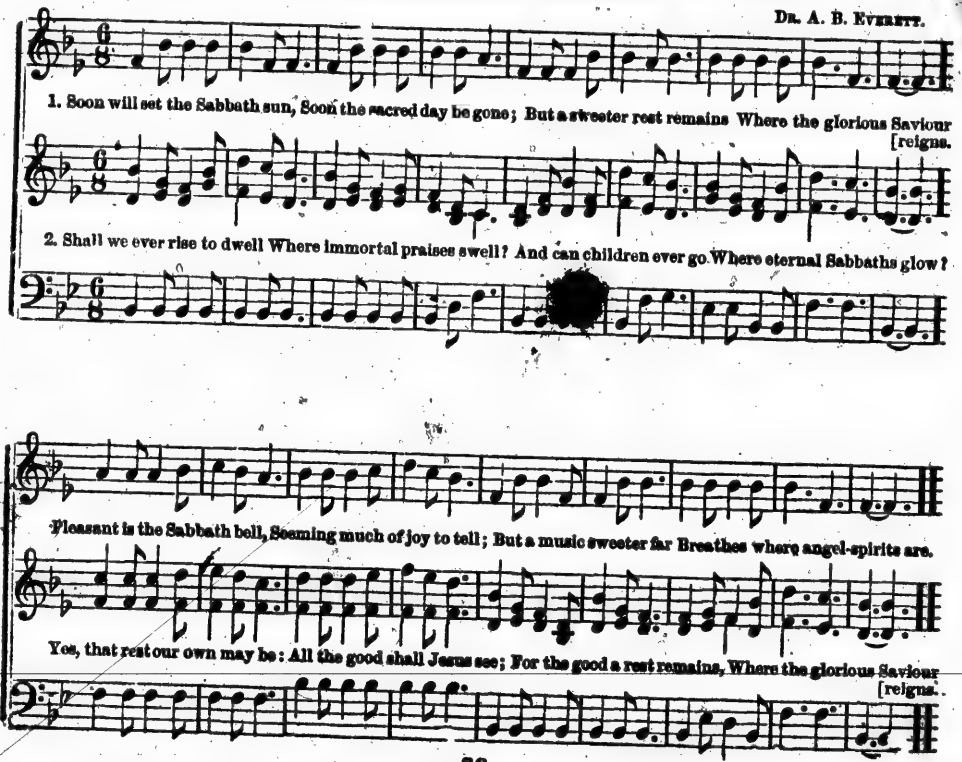
No. 85. LEBANON. 7s.

From "Baptist Chorals."



No. 86. THE EVERLASTING SABBATH. 7s. Double.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



No. 87. RURAL CELEBRATION. 7s & 6s. 10 lines. **

1. With joy once more we hail thee, O love - ly ru - ral scene! Thy groves, and fields, and woodlands, Thy
2. Here, at the morn's a - wak - ing, The tuneful, gladsome lay, By nature's cho - rus chant - ed, Sa-
3. We love in blest com - mu - nion To seek this ru - ral shade, Where nature's true de - vo - tion To

garb of cheerful green! How pure the crystal fountain! How clear the purling rills! How sweet the tuft - ed
lutes the welcome day; And mid the sun's bright glowing, Till evening's dewy fall, In tones of mel - low
nature's God is paid. And here, as we are mus - ing, We think of scenes above, Where smiles, like those of

flow'rets That blossom on the hills! Such rich and va - ried beau - ty Our hearts with rapture fills.
sweetness, These feather'd warblers call On human hearts to wor - ship The common Lord of all.
sum - mer, No change can e'er remove,—Where music yet more heav'nly Shall chant its notes of love.

No. 88. COME, JOIN OUR CELEBRATION. 7s & 6s. L. C. Everett.

1. Come, join our ce - le - bra - tion With hallow'd songs of joy, And on this bright oc-
2. Thanks to the God of hea - ven, Kind guardian of our race, For all the fa - vors

3. Thanks for the kind pro - tec - tion God's arm has thrown a - round, And for that sweet af-
4. May God with ma-ny a bless - ing Re-ward their toil and care, And hear them while ad-

ca - sion Your sweet - est notes em - ploy: Pa - rents and friends in - vit - ed, And teach - ers, now are
gi - ven Be-neath his smil - ing face— For health, and strength, and reason, And friendship un - al-

fec - tion He cau - ses to a - bound In those who're watching o'er us, With many an anx-ious
dress-ing His throne in fer-vent prayer; And may his love, con-strain-ing, Our youthful spi - rits

COME, JOIN OUR CELEBRATION. Concluded.

here, In pur - pose all u - neit - ed Our youth - ful hearts to cheer.
loy'd, And ev' - ry plea - sant sea - son In Sun - day-school en - joy'd.

sigh, And seek - ing to re - store us To peace and heav'n - ly joy.
bow; And grace for - ev - er reign - ing Our in - most souls en - dow.

No. 89. HOLY BIBLE. 7s.

N. E. Everett.

1. Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine! Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I [am.
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou, to guide my feet, Mine, to judge, con- [demn, acquit.

3. Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.
4. Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; O thou precious book divine! Precious treasure! thou art [mine.

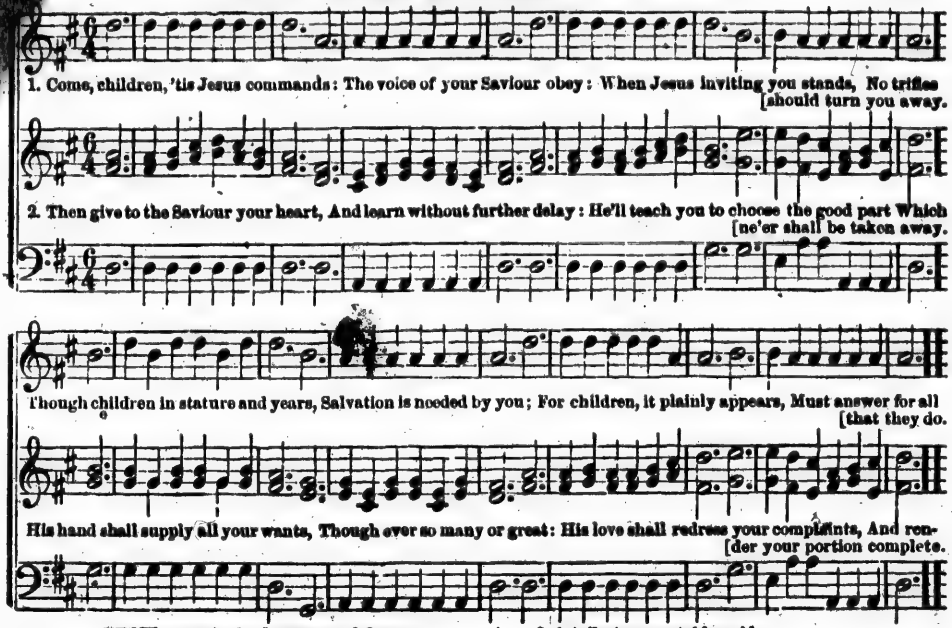
No. 90. THE BIBLE. 11s.

1. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo-ries its pa-ges un - fold: It
2. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the sea-son of youth! It
3. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! the val-leys shall ring, And hill - tops re - ech - o the notes that we sing; Our

speaks of sal - va - tion, wide o - pens the door, Its of - fers are free, to the rich and the poor.
bids us seek ear - ly the pearl of great price, Ere the heart is enslaved in the bond-age of vice.

ban-ners, in-scribed with its precepts and rules, Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

No. 91. COME, CHILDREN. 8s. Double. **



HOW sweet is the fragrance of flowers
That bloom at the dawning of day,
Refresh'd with heaven's kindliest showers,
How healthy and beautiful they!
Thus lovely and soothing the sight—
More lovely than nature supplies—
Are those who at earliest light
Expand their young hearts to the skies.

2 A tribute acceptable paid,
Yet green, in the season of prime,
Ere noon hath its ravages made
And verdure is sullied by time:
Collect for thine altars, O God,
A wreath from our garden below:
Nay, send thy refreshings abroad,
That all the plantation may grow.

No. 92. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Arranged by AUGUSTUS CULL.

DUETT OR TRIO.

1. The Sunday-school, that blessed place! Oh, I would ra - ther stay With - in its walls, a child of grace, Than spend my hours in play.
2. 'Tis there I learn that Je - sus died For sin - ners such as I; Oh, what has all the world be - side, That I should prize so high?
3. Then let our grate - ful tri - bute rise, And songs of praise be given To Him who dwells a- bove the skies, For such a bless - ing given.
4. And welcome then the Sunday-school, We'll read, and sing, and pray, That we may keep the gold - en rule, And ne - ver from it stray.

CHORUS.

The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Oh, 'tis the place I love, For there I learn the gold-en rule Which leads to joys a - bove.

No. 93. SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, hear: On us look kind - ly down: Our
2. In youth - ful hearts the seed Of sa - cred truth we sow: Now

3. Then, though the sow - er weep, Ere long, with thank - ful voice, Both
4. Thou dost the seed pre - pare, And make it spring when sown; And,

hum - ble la - bors deign to cheer, And with - thy fa - vor crown.
Lord, the bless - ing that we need Rich - ly do thou be - stow.

he who sows and they who reap To - ge - ther shall re - joice.
if a hun - dred - fold it bear, The praise is all thy own.

CREATOR! Saviour! God!
We raise our hearts to thee;
And, resting on thy precious blood,
We bend our suppliant knee.

2 Oh, deign to hear our prayer,
And save the youthful race;
Convert the children of our care
By thine almighty grace.

3 Cause them to feel thy love,
Teach them to lisp thy praise,
While strains seraphic from above
Re-echo youthful lays.

No. 94. SABBATH-SCHOOL CELEBRATION, No. 3.

N. E. Everett. Sept. 1851.

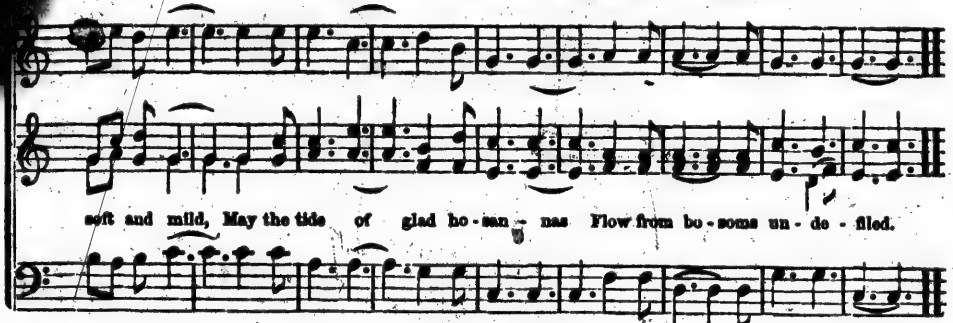
1. Now we raise our tune-ful voi - ces, In a new me-lo-dious song, While each youthful heart re-joi - ces
2. Ye who join our ce - le - bra - tion, Sweetest me - lo - dies em-ploy; Bow with us in a - dor - a - tion,

3. Oh, the great, the boundless bless - ings We're permitt - ed to re - cord! May they quicken our en - deav-ors
4. Teachers kind, whose care un-ceas-ing All must hon - or and ap-prove. Thanks for labors still un-ceas-ing—
5. Thanks to God for ev' - ry blessing Which his bounteous hand bestows, All on earth that's worth possessing,

CHORUS.

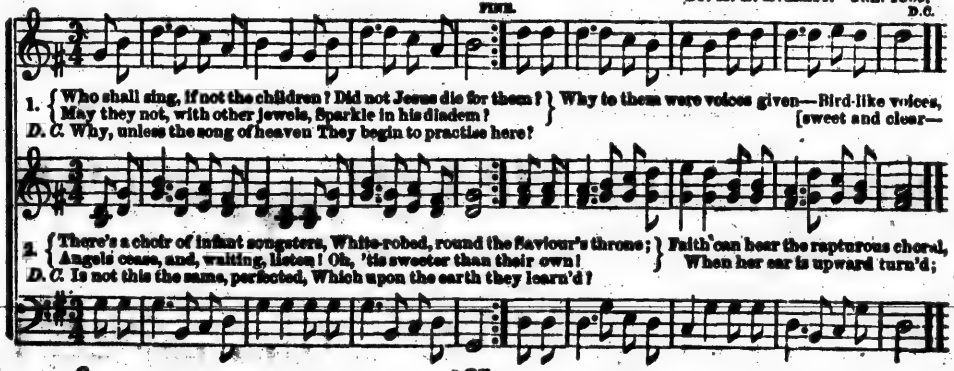
To be - hold the gath'ring throng, Fill'd with ho - ly, heaven-ly joy. } As we lift our waving banners, To the breeze so

In the ser - vice of the Lord, Heaven re - wards our works of love. } As we lift our waving banners To the breeze so
From that hand in - ces - sant Giver, }

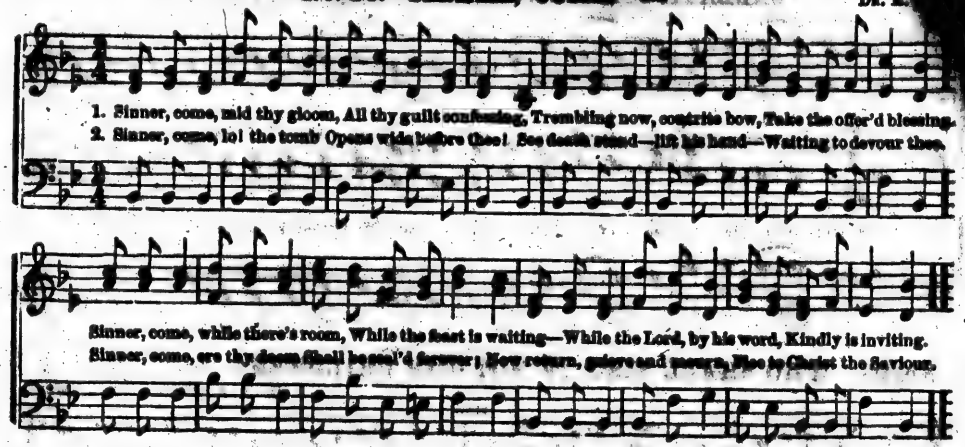


No. 95. WHO SHALL SING, IF NOT THE CHILDREN? 8s & 7s. Double.

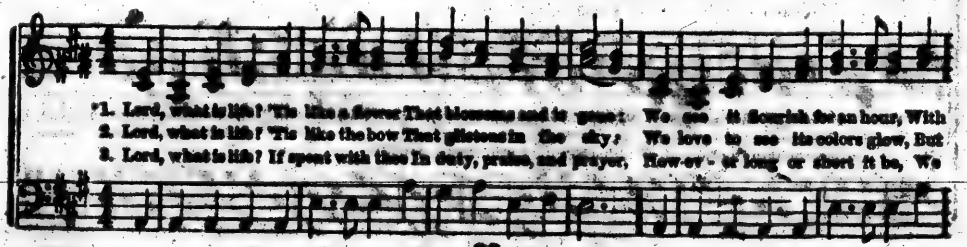
Dr. A. B. Everett. Jan. 1860.



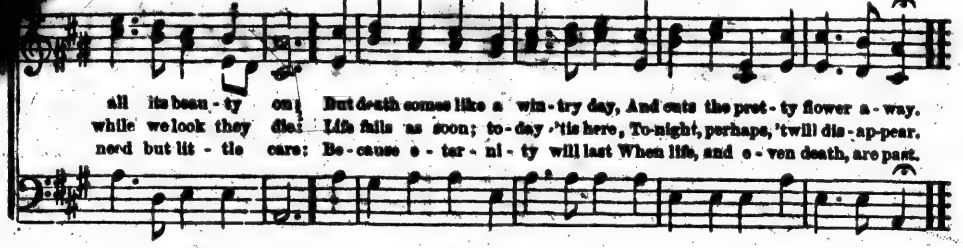
No. 96. SINNER, COME. 8s. Dr. E.



No. 97. WHAT IS LIFE? 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8. L. C. E.

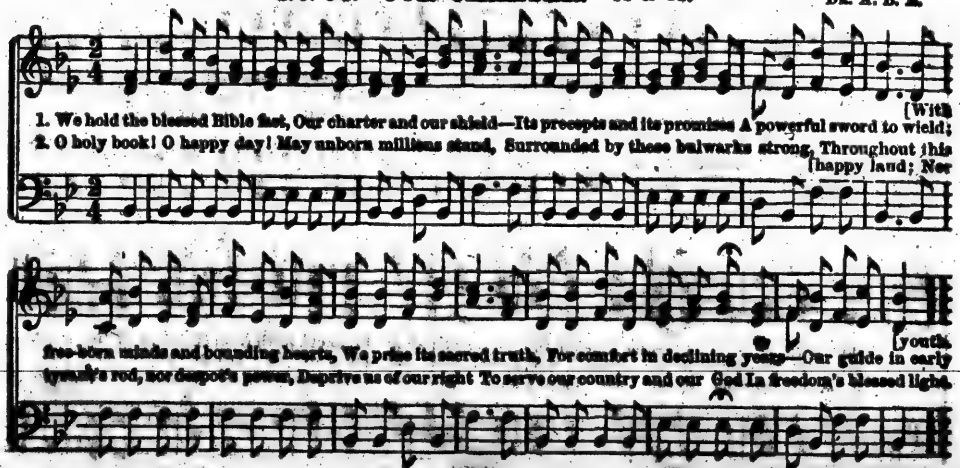


WHAT IS LIFE? Concluded.



No. 98. OUR CHARTER. 8s & 6s.

Dr. A. B. R.



No. 99. CEDAR AND VINE. (Missionary.) 11s. 6 lines.

L. C. Evans

1. Go ye to the land of the cedar and vine, Where the angels came down in their heav'nly train, Where the
2. Go ye to the land of jew-el and gem, Go ye to the shores of the richest of pearl; The
3. Go ye to the land of the ol-ive, and teach Of a peace which the world is not able to give; The

gar-den was fill'd with the presence di-vine, And the Saviour has trodden the valley and plain; For a
light of salvation is giv-en to them,—There ear-ly the ban-ner of glo-ry un-furl; Oh,
flow-e-ry land where the message shall reach The millions that wait in the Saviour to live; Go

star hath a-risen to shine through the gloom, And a life breaketh forth from the verge of the tomb
go to the isles in the ocean's wide breast, And tell them of Je-sus, and heaven, and rest.
ye to the land of the ru-by and gold, And bid them the crown of redemption be-hold.

No. 100. THE CHILD'S WISH FOR SPRING.

Words and Music by J. H. Hewitt.

Moderato.

1. Gen - tle spring, why don't you come? Pretty flowers, where are you? Hark! the wintry bree - zes hum
2. Gen - tle spring, why don't you come? Where are all your budding leaves? E'en my little bird is dumb,

Mourn - ful - ly the branches through. Snow is o - ver field and hill, Ice is on the
For the balm - y air it grieves. God is wise, 'tis his de - cree—He will soon make

val - ley stream; Now its plain - tive voice is still, And its rip - ples seem to dream.
Now's spring up; By - and - by the rose I'll see, And the li - ly's ho - ney - cup.

No. 101. THE FAMILY BIBLE.

Music by RICHARD. Arranged by J. E. Gou

1. This book is all that's left me now, Tears will un-bid-den start; With fal-t'ring lip and throb-bing brow, I press it to my heart.
2. Ah! well do I re-mem-ber those Whose names these re-cords bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, After the eve-ning prayer,
3. My fa-ther read this ho-ly book To hre-thren, sis-ters, dear: How calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who lean'd God's word to hear!
4. Thou tru-est friend man ev-er knew, Thy con-stan-cy I've tried; When all were false, I've found thee true, My coun-sel-lor and guide.

For me, my pas-to-ra-tions past Here
And speak of what these pa-ges said, In
Her an-gel face— I see it yet! What
The mines of earth no tres-sure give That

be ever fast-ly true; My mo-ther's hands this Bi-ble clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si-lent dead, Here are they liv-ing still.
thronging memo-ries come! A-gain that lit-tle group is met With-in the halls of home.
could this re-lume my; In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

No. 102. THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW. 8s & 6s.

G. W. Linton.

1. This world is all a fleet - ing show, For man's il - lu - sion given, The smiles of joy, the
2. And false the light on glo - ry's plume As fad - ing hues of even; And love and hope and

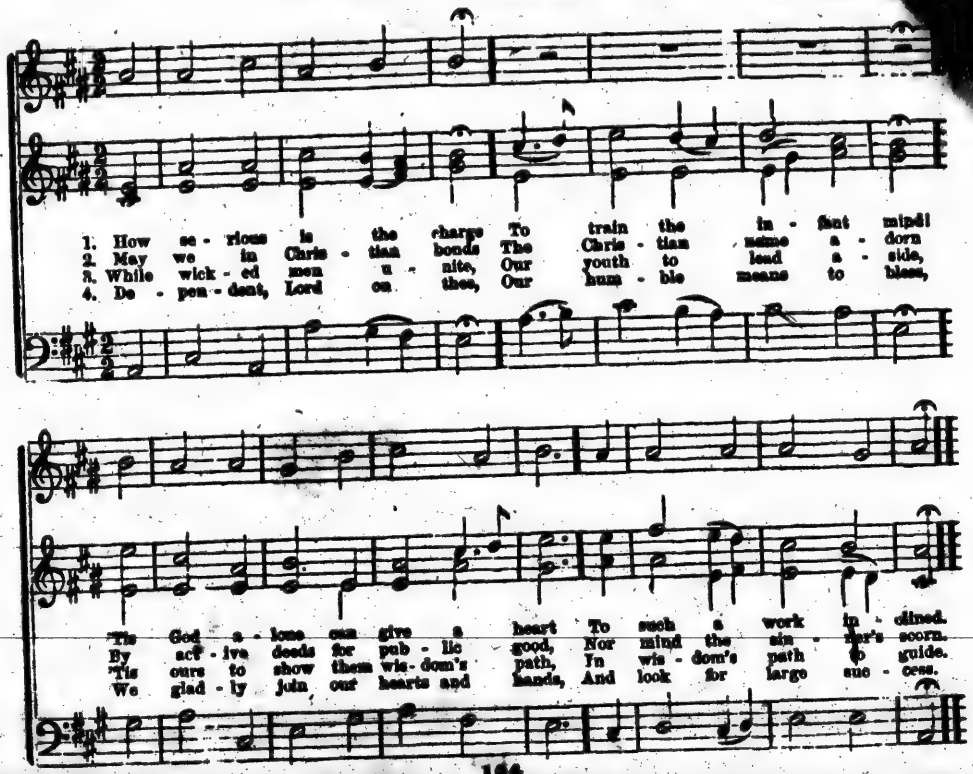
3. Poor wan-d'rers of a storm - y day, From wave to wave we're driven; And fan - cy's flash and

tears of woe, De - ceit - ful shine, de - ceit - ful flow: There's no - thing true but heaven.
beau-ty's bloom Are blos - soms ga - ther'd for the tomb: There's no - thing bright but heaven.

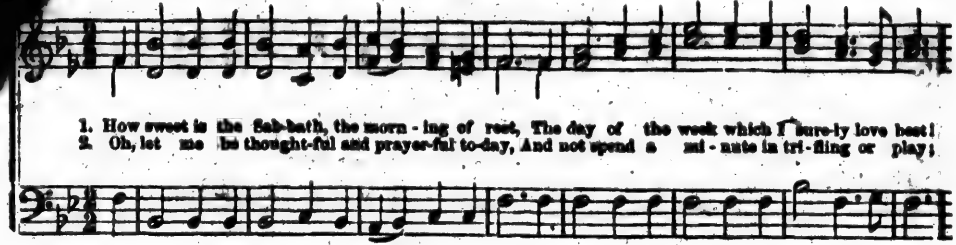
rea - son's ray Serve but to light the trou - bled way: There's noth - ing calm but heaven.

No. 103. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

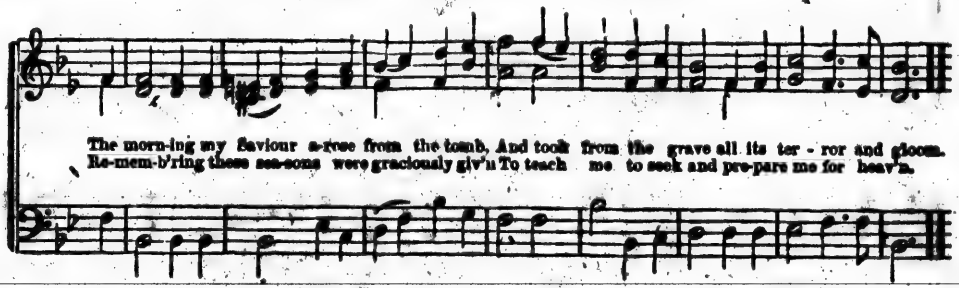
A. Williams.



No. 104. "HOW SWEET." 11s. ✻ ✻



1. How sweet is the Sab-bath, the morn - ing of rest, The day of the week which I sure-ly love best!
2. Oh, let me be thought-ful and prayer-ful to-day, And not spend a mi - nute in tri - fling or play;



The morn-ing my Saviour a-rose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its ter - ror and gloom.
Re-mem-b'ring these sea-sons were graciously giv'n To teach me to seek and pre-pare me for heav'n.

3. In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere:
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4. Instruct me, my Saviour: a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee:
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways:
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

No. 105. COME, SINNER, COME. 8, 4, 8, 8, 4, 4.

Words and Music by Dr. A. Brooks Ev

1. Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam? Come to Christ, your Lord and Sa - viour,
2. Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam? Seek ye not for earth - ly plea - sures,
3. Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam? Plead for mer - cy, Christ will hear you,
4. Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam? Come to Je - sus, he'll re - ceive you,

Seek his mer - cy, love, and fa - vor: Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam?
Christ will give you heav'n - ly tres-sures: Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam?
For, in love, he's ev - er near you: Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam?
He will love, and ne'er de - ceive you: Come, sin - ner, come, Why long - er roam?

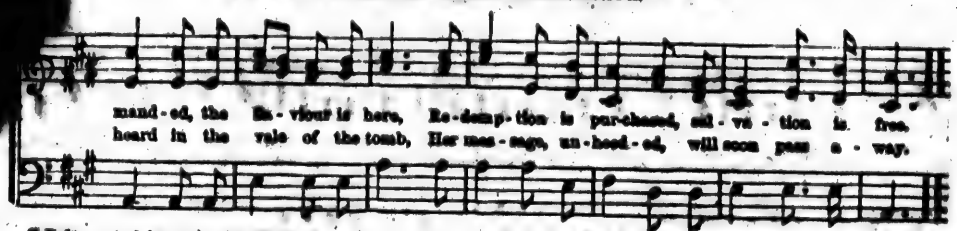
No. 106. DELAY NOT. 11s.

Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near,
The wa - ters of life are now flow - ing for thee,
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come,
For mer - cy still lin - gers, And calls thee to - day;

No price is de-
Her voice is not

DELAY NOT. Concluded.

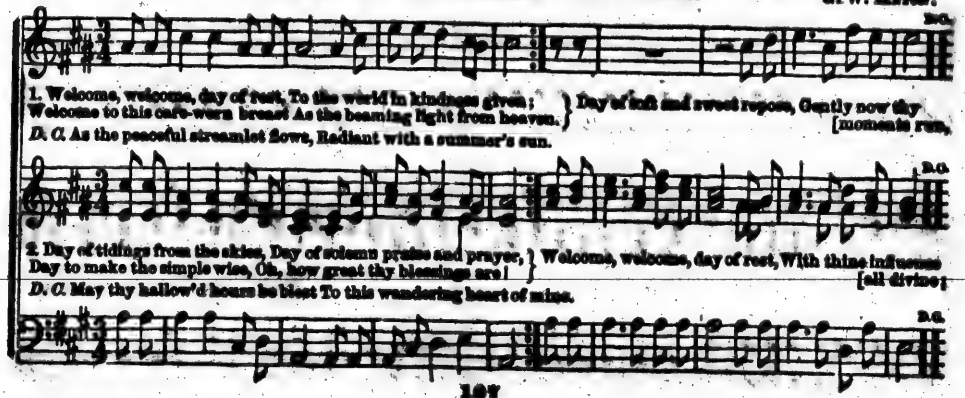


3 Delay not, delay not: the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4 Delay not, delay not: the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

No. 107. WELCOME. 7s. Double.

G. W. Lawson.



No. 108. "WE SHALL MEET NO MORE TO PART." 7s, 7s, 6s.

L. C. Everett.

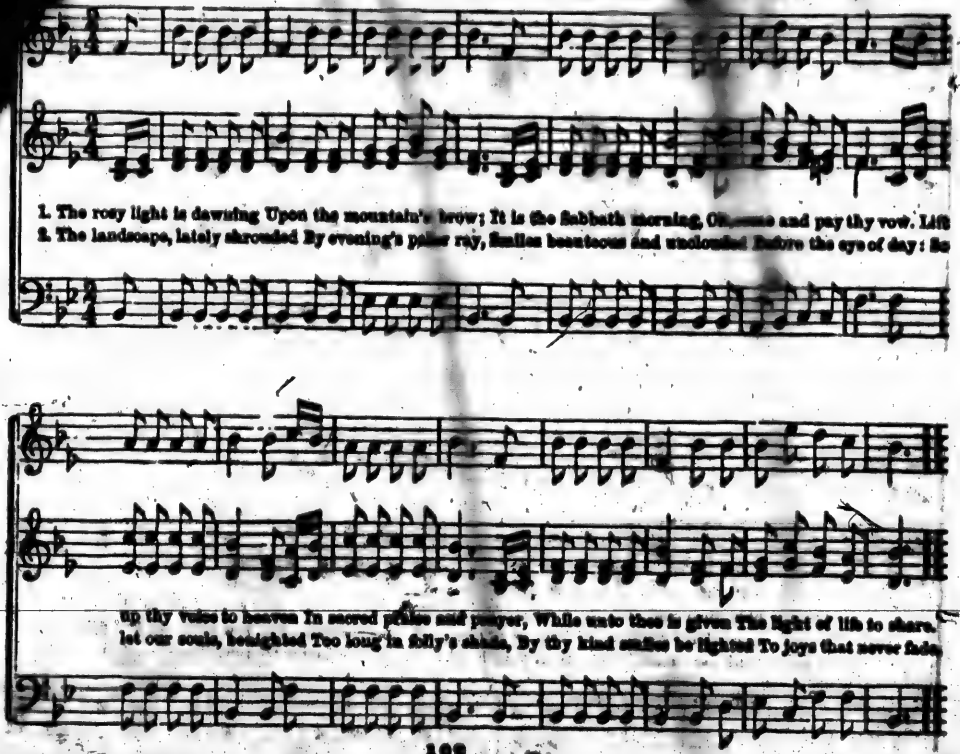
1. We shall meet no more to part: Cease thy sorrowing mourning heart; Weary days will soon depart, Then we may rest for-
2. In the home of peace and bliss, In the world where Jesus is, When we bid adieu to this, Then we may love for-

ever! When the work of life is done, When the victor's crown is won, Then, immortal life begun, We no more shall sever.
ever! Purified from every stain Through the Lamb that once was slain, Brothers, we shall meet again, And be parted never.

CHORUS.

We shall meet no more to part: Weary days will soon depart,
Cease thy sorrow, mourning heart; Then we may rest for-ever!

No. 109. "THE ROSY LIGHT." [illegible] & Co. Dr. R.



No. 110. SYRENA. 6s & 4s. (Peculiar.)

Music, and part of the wo
R. McCoy McIlvrose

1. Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for to-mor - row, Yield thee to - day:
2. Child of sin and sor - row, Why wilt thou die? Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high
3. Child of sin and sor - row, Come, come to - day: Child of sin and sor - row, Stay not a - way:

Heav'n bids thee come While yet there's room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.
Grieve not the love While, from a - bove,—Child of sin and sor - row,—Would bring thee nigh.
No long-er room, Far- from thy home: Child of sin and sor - row, Come, come to - day.

No. 111.—"HERE O'ER THE EARTH." P. M.

R. McCoy McIlwaun, Richmond, Va., 1862.

1. Here o'er the earth let us stray—for I roam, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone, Yet I am blest, Yet I am blest!
D. C. My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say, There, there is rest! There, there is rest!

2. Here are af-flic-tions and tri-als se-vere, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear, Yet I am blest, Yet I am blest!
D. C. They have been called to receive their re-ward, There, there is rest! There, there is rest!

3. This world of cares is a wil-der-ness state, Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here must I bear from the world all its hate, Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
D. C. Soon shall I lean up-on Je-sus' own breast, There, there is rest! There, there is rest!

D. C.

For I look for-ward to that glorious day, When sin and sor-row shall van-ish a-way;
Sweet is the prom-ise I read in his word: Blest-ed are those who have died in the Lord,

Soon shall I be from the wick-ed re-leased, Soon shall the wea-ry for ev-er be blest,

No. 128—WILL YOU GO?

A. B. Ro

1. We're travelling home to heaven above—Will you go? Will you go? To shun the Saviour's frying
2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb—Will you go? Will you go? In rapturous strains to praise him
3. We're going to join the heavenly choir—Will you go? Will you go? To raise our voice and tune the
4. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, come—Will you go? Will you go? In the blest house there still is
5. The way to heaven is free for all— Will you go? Will you go? For Jews and Gentiles, great and
6. The way to heaven is straight and plain—Will you go? Will you go? Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a -
7. O, could I hear sweet angels say—"I will go: I will go," I'll start this moment, shun the

love, Will you go? Will you go? Millions have reached this blessed abode, Anointed kings and priests of
some, Will you go? Will you go? The crown of life we there shall wear, The conqueror's palms our hands shall
lyre, Will you go? Will you go? The saints and angels shall sing Hosanna to their God and
room—Will you go? Will you go? The Lord is waiting to re-ceive, If thou wilt on him now be-
small—Will you go? Will you go? Make up your mind, God gives your heart, With every sin and idol
gain—Will you go? Will you go? The Saviour calls, hear-ken to him, "Take up thy cross and follow
way—Let me go, Let me go, My old companions, fare you well, I will not go with you to

God, And all - those were on the road— Will you go? Will you go? And
heal, And all the joys of heaven we'll share— Will you go? Will you go? And
King, And make the heaven - ly arch - es ring— Will you go? Will you go? And
love, To give my troubled conscience ease— Come, be - lieve, Come, be - lieve, He'll
part, And now for glo - ry make a start— Come a - way, Come a - way, And
me, And thou shalt my sal - va - tion see,"— Come to me, Come to me, And
hall! I mean with Je - sus Christ to dwell— Let me go, Fare you well, I

all - those were on the road— Will you go? Will you go?
all the joys of heaven we'll share— Will you go? Will you go?
make the heaven - ly arch - es ring— Will you go? Will you go?
give my troubled con - science ease— Come, be - lieve, Come, be - lieve.
now for glo - ry make a start— Come a - way, Come a - way.
thou shalt my sal - va - tion see— Come to me, Come to me.
mean with Je - sus Christ to dwell— Let me go, Fare you well.

No. 113. IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

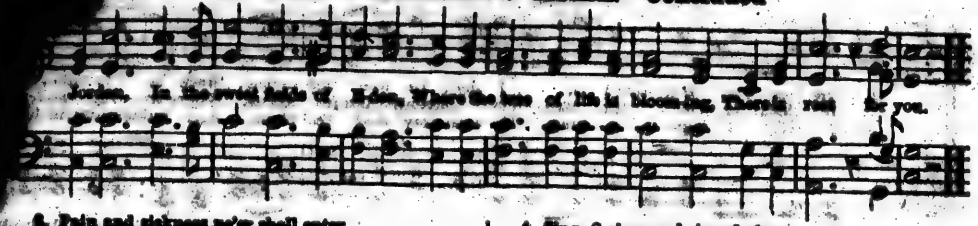
Rev. W. Moh, and
Arr. by L. C. Ev

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry There re-maines a land of rest; There my Saviour's gone be-
2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which e-ter - nal-ly shall stand; For my stay shall not be

CHORUS

fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the
transient In that ho-ly, hap - py land. There is rest, &c.

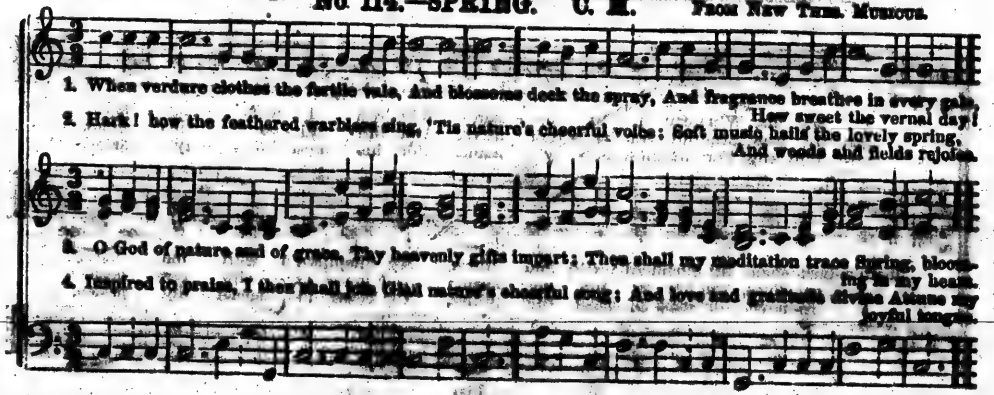
wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for me. On the other side of



3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that Celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through
There is rest, &c.

No. 114.—SPRING. C. M. From New Tune. Musicus.



1. When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2. Hark! how the feathered warblers sing, 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3. O God of nature and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts impart; Then shall my meditation trace Spring, blooming in my heart.

4. Inspired to praise, I then shall join Great nature's cheerful song; And love and gratitude divine Attune my joyful tongue.

No. 114. SUFFIELD. S. M.

From Tenn. Mus.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine,
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv - ing wa -
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim, And guides him in
4. While he af - fords his aid, I can - not yield to fear; Though I should walk thro'
5. A - mid sur - round - ing foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread, My cup with blessings
6. The bless - ings of thy love Shall crown my following days; Nor from thy house will

I am his, What can I want be - side? What can I wish be - side?
ter - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.
ow right way, For his most ho - ly name, For his most ho - ly name.

death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there, My Shepherd's with me there.
o - ver-flows, And joy ex - alts my head, And joy ex - alts my head.
I remove, Nor cease to speak thy praise, Nor cease to speak thy praise.

No. 116.—"ON SABBATH MORN."

Words and Music by R. M. McIntosh. Richmond, Va. Feb. 1860.

1. On Sabbath morn let us haste to our school, We'll happy be, we'll happy be;
Let one and all ev - er make this a rule, We'll happy be, we'll happy be.

2. Come, children, come, and your young voices raise, We'll happy be, we'll happy be;
Sing of the Saviour's great love, and his praise, We'll happy be, we'll happy be.

Now we'll hail the blest
As the bright morn of a
Teachers and children with
Here we will sing of our

Dox. { Great God of heaven thy name we adore, We'll worship thee, we'll worship thee;
While here we meet as on Canaan's bright shore, We'll worship thee, we'll &c. }

And when our days have been
Thro' thy protection to

Sabbath's re- turn,
lov'd ju - bi - lee;
hearts glad and free,
Fath-er's dear love,

And haste to school where of Jesus we learn, We'll happy be, we'll hap- py be.
And soon with Jesus and an- gels a - bove, We'll happy be, we'll hap- py be.

numbered be - low,
heaven we'll go;

Then with the angels we'll dwell evermore, And worship thee, and worship thee.

No. 117.—[illegible] (Four in a Two 6s.)

Wm. H. & T. Boon.

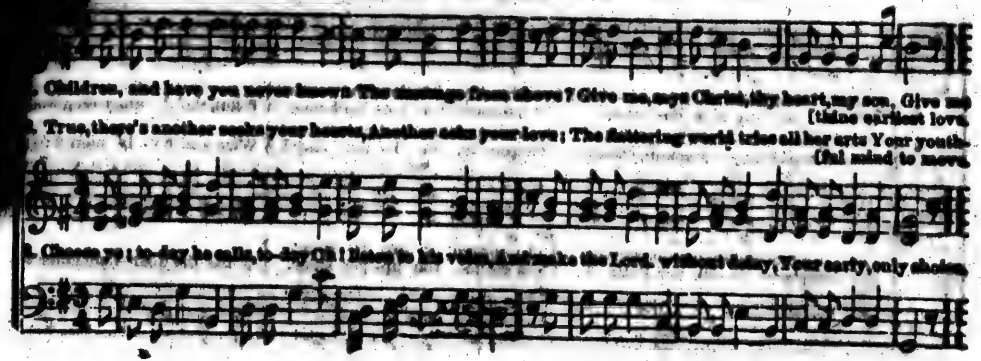
1. Come on, my partners, in distress, My comrades thro' this wilderness, Who still your hoping
2. Be - yond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' a - mazed

3. Who suf - fer with our Man - ter here, We shall be - fore his face appear, And by his side all
4. Thrice blessed, bless - in - spi - ring hope! It lifts the fainting spir - it up, It brings to life the

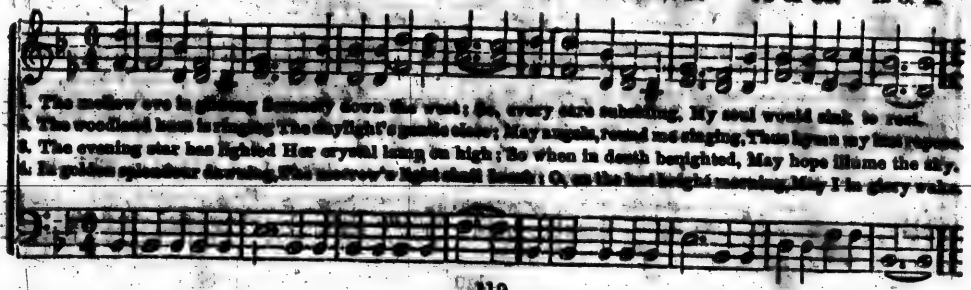
foel: Awhile forget your grieb and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears To that co-lest-ial hill.
lude: On faith's strong eagle pinions rise, And force your passage to the skies, And contemplate the mount of God.

dem: To patient faith the prize is sure; And all that to the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown.
dead; Our conflicts here shall soon be past, And you and I ar-rived at last, Triumphant with our Head.

No. 118.—GIVE ME THY HEART. C. M.



No. 119.—"THE MELLOW EVE IS GLIDING." 7s & 6s. L. C. M.



No. 120.—ST. AMBROSE. 8s & 7s. Double.

From "New Tune Book." B. H. Ev

1. Since I soon must part for ev - er From the joys of time and sense,
Let it be my first en- deavor To prepare for go - ing hence. } What tho' I am young and

2. Shall I, to indulge in pleasure, O - ver- look the judgment day?
Shall I waste time's precious treasure, Wanton- ly in i - dle play? } Wise and ho - ly men have

3. Let me seize each moment rather, And improve it ere it flee;
Ac- tive prove, un- til my Fath- er Calls me to the up- per skies. } Tho' the dear Redeemer's

healthy, Children lose, and younger die; Tho' my friends were great and wealthy, Low as others I must lie.
told me, That I have a soul to save; Shall I suffer death to hold me, When I'm hastening to the grave?

ser- ve, Father, let a child draw nigh; By the teachings of thy Spir- it, Lead, O! lead me till I die!

No. 131. SHED NOT A TEAR. 10s, 8s, & 7s.

Arranged by L. C. E.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone, Smile when the slow-tolling
2. Plant ye a tree which may wave over me, When I am gone, when I am gone, Sing ye a song when my
3. Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed, When I am gone, when I am gone, Breathe not a sigh for the

bell you shall hear, When I am gone, I am gone. Weep not for me when you stand round my grave; Think who has
grave ye shall see, When I am gone, I am gone. Come at the close of a bright summer's day; Come when the
blest ear-ly dead, When I am gone, I am gone. Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care: Serve ye the

died his be - lov - ed to save: Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.
sun sheds his last lingering ray: Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away, When I am gone, I am gone.
Lord, that my bliss ye may share: Look up on high and believe I am there, When I am gone, I am gone.

No. 122.—BILLOW. 8s, 7 & 4.

Dr. A. Brooks Everett. 1853. From "New Tune

1. Star of Peace, to wand'-rers wea - ry, Gleam - ing through the storm - y glo
2. Star of Love, our spi - rits light - ing, Beam the de - sert land we roa
3. Star of Faith, in thee con - fi - ding, All our fears are o - ver - come
4. Star of Hope, to mor - tals wait - ing O'er the dark and dis - mal tomb,
5. Star Di - vine, thy beam shall guide us, Till with joy the ran - som'd come,

Cheer the pil - grim's vi - sion drea - ry, Far— far from home.
Heart with kin - dred heart u - nit - ing, Far, &c.
On the waves se - cure - ly rid - ing, Far, &c.

Shine when earth and flesh are fail - ing, Far— far from home.
Where no ills shall o'er di - vide us, Safe— safe at home.

No. 122.—VERE. C. M.

From "Baptist Chorale"

1. Be - neath our feet and o'er our head Is e - qual warn - ing given;
2. Death rides on ev - ery pass - ing breeze, And lurks in ev - ery flower;

3. Turn, sin - ner, turn: thy dan - ger know; Wher - e'er thy foot can tread,
4. Turn, Chris - tian, turn; thy soul ap - ply To truths which hour - ly fall

Be - neath us lie the count - less dead, And far a - bove is heaven.
Each sea - son has its own dis - ease, Its pe - ril ev - ery hour.

The earth rings hol - low from be - low, And warns thee of her dead.
That they who un - der - neath thee lie, Shall live in heaven—or hell.

No. 124.—ROSE. 7s. From "Baptist

Dr. A.

1. To thy tem - ple we re - pair; Lord, we love to wor - ship there;
2. While thy glo - rious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue;
3. While to thee our prayers as - cend, Let thine ear in love at - tend;

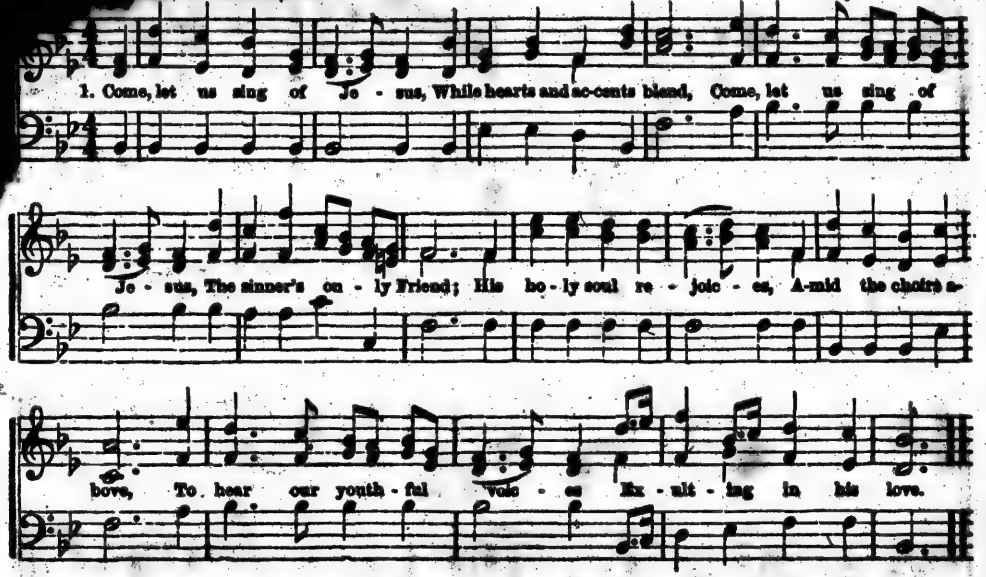
4. While thy word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at thy law,
5. From thy house when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn,

There, with - in the veil, we meet Christ up - on the mer - cy - seat.
Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Christ, the Lord, our Right - eous - ness.
Hear us when thy Spi - rit pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.

Let thy gos - pel's won - drous love Ev - ery doubt and fear re - move.
Then, at eve - ning, we may say, "We have walked with God to - day."

8.8.8.8. COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

[illegible], W. Bethune, D.D. Music by G. F. Root.



2. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing
He passed unheeded by,
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.

3. We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust His love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

4. Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day.
For those who here confess him
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him
He will forever bless.

No. 122.—LORMAX.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King,
2. Joy to the earth! the Sa - viour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;

3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him room, And heaven and na - ture sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.

He comes to make his bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found.
The glo - ries of his right - eous-ness, And won - ders of his love.

1. { Cease here long-er to de-tain me, Fond-est mother, drown'd in wo: / Now thy kind ca-ress-es pain me, Morn ad-van-ces, let me go. } See yon o-rient

2. / 3. { Lately launched a trembling stranger On the world's wide boisterous flood, / Pierced with sorrows, toss'd with danger, Glad-ly I re-turn to God. / Weep not o'er these eyes that languish, Up-ward turning to their home; / They will soon for-get all an-guish, While I wait to see thee come. } Now my cries shall cease / There, my moth-er,

streak appearing, Harbinger of endless day: Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering, Calls my new-born soul away.

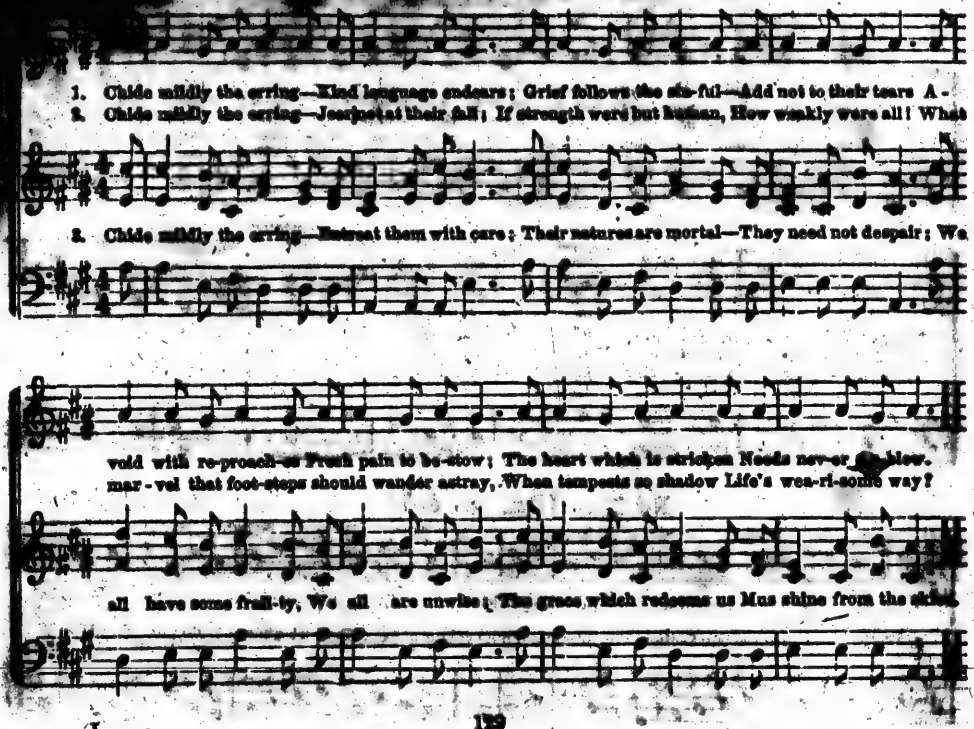
to grieve thee, New my trembling heart shall rest; Kinder arms thine mine receive me, Softer pillow than thy breast.
pleasures centre: Weeping, parting, care, or wo, Ne'er our Father's house shall enter—Morn advances, let me go.

No. 128.—"PEOPLE OF." 7s. Double.

1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round, Paths of
2. Lone - ly I no long-er roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you
3. Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en - joy - ment, pomp, or power; Wel - come

sin and sorrow trod, Peace and comfort no where found; Now to you my spi-rit turns, Turns a
dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave; Mine the God whom you adore, Your Re-
pov - er - ty and cross, Shame, reproach, affliction's hour; "Follow me;" I know thy voice; Je - sus,

fu - gi - tive un - blest; Brethren, where your al-tar burns, Oh, receive me in - to rest.
deem - er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev-ery i - dol I re - sign.
Lord, thy steps I see; Now I take thy yoke by choice, Light thy burden now to me.


1. Chide mildly the erring—Kind language endears; Grief follows the sin-ful—Add not to their tears A -
2. Chide mildly the erring—Jeer not at their fall; If strength were but human, How weakly were all! What
3. Chide mildly the erring—Entreat them with care; Their natures are mortal—They need not despair; We
void with re-proach—as Fresh pain to be-stow; The heart which is stricken Needs nev-er a blow.
mar - vel that foot-steps should wander astray, When tempests so shadow Life's wea-ri-some way?
all have some frail-ty, We all are unwise; The grace which redeems us Must shine from the skies.

No. 130.—MORN AMID THE [illegible]

1. Morn a - mid the moun - tains— Love - ly sol - i - tude! Gush - ing streams and
2. Now the glad sun, break - ing, Pours a gold - en flood; Deep - est vales, a -
3. Hymns of praise are ring - ing Thro' the leaf - y wood; Song - sters sweet-ly
4. Wake, and join the cho - rus, Child with soul en - dued; He whose smile is

foun - tains, Mur - mur, "God is good!" God . . . . . is good!"
- - wak - ing, Ech - o, "God is good!" God . . . . . is good!"
sing - ing, War - ble, "God is good!" God . . . . . is good!"
o'er us, God, our God, is good, God . . . . . is good.

No. 131.—IDA. 8s & 7s.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Little children, love each other, Is the blessed Saviour's rule; Every little one is brother To his mates at Infant-school.
2. We're all children of one Father, The great God who reigns above; Shall we quarrel? No; much rather Would we be like him—all love.

Double. From "New Thes. Musicus."

D. C.

1. Hasten, [illegible], the glorious time, When, beneath Messiah's sway, Every nation, every clime, Shall the gospel's call obey; Mightiest kings his power shall own, Heathen [tribes his name adore;
D. C. Satan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Fine.

D. C.

2. Then shall war and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain; Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Undisturbed, shall ever reign. Bless we, then, our gracious Lord, Ever [praise his glorious name;
D. C. All his mighty acts record, All his wondrous love proclaim.

No. 133.—LEE. 7s. From "New Thes. Musicus."

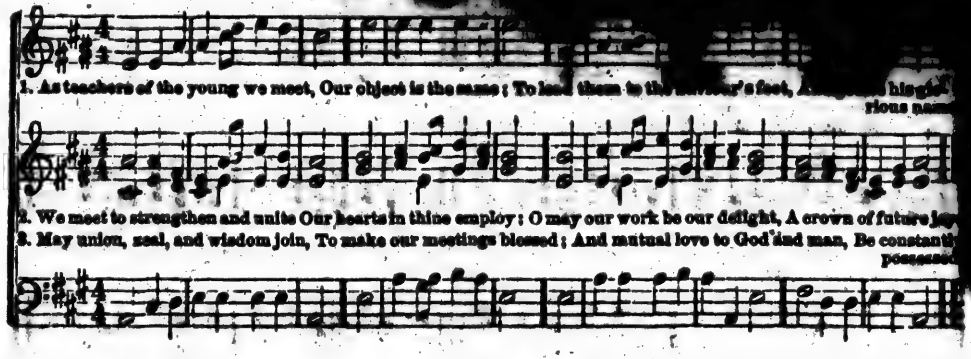
1. Glory to the Father give, God, in whom we move and live; Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear.

2. Glory to the Son we bring, Christ, our prophet, priest, and king; Children, raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb, for he was slain.

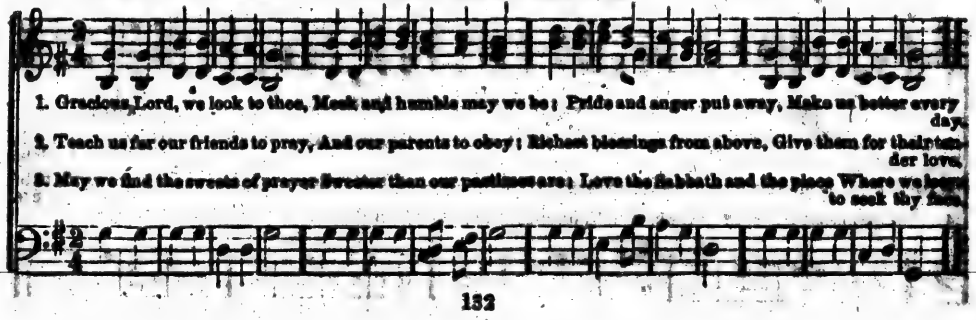
3. Glory to the Holy Ghost, Be this day a Pentecost! Children's minds may he inspire, Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be To the blessed Trinity, For the gospel from above, For the word that "God is love."

No. 134.

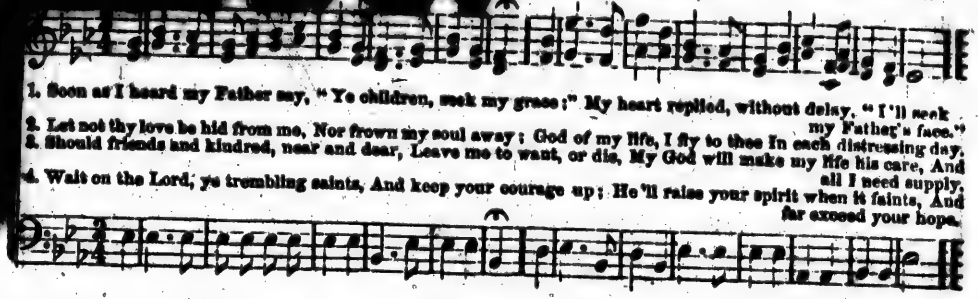


No. 135.—A CHILD'S PRAYER, or MATHER. 7s. From New Thes. Musicus.



[illegible]K GOD," C. M.

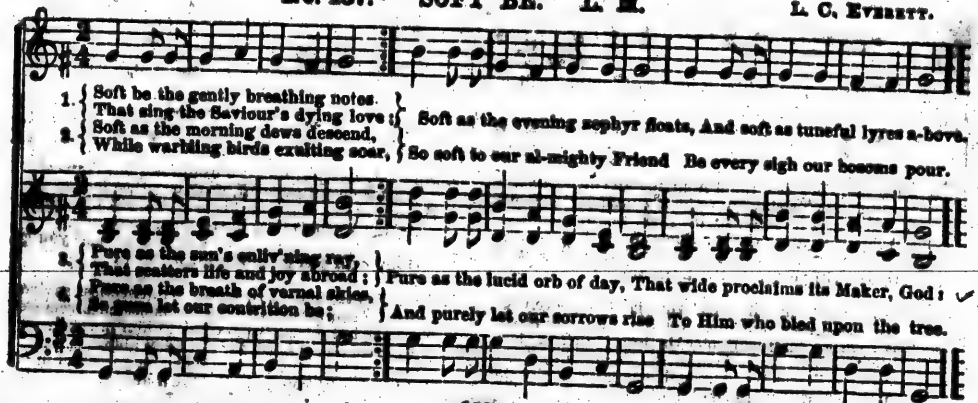
G. W. Linton.



1. Soon as I heard my Father say, "Ye children, seek my grace;" My heart replied, without delay, "I'll seek my Father's face."
2. Let not thy love be hid from me, Nor frown my soul away; God of my life, I fly to thee In each distressing day.
3. Should friends and kindred, near and dear, Leave me to want, or die, My God will make my life his care, And all I need supply.
4. Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints, And keep your courage up; He'll raise your spirit when it faints, And far exceed your hope.

No. 137.—"SOFT BE." L. M.

L. C. Everett.



1. Soft be the gently breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love; Soft as the evening zephyr floats, And soft as tuneful lyres a-bove.
2. Soft as the morning dews descend, While warbling birds exulting soar, So soft to our al-mighty Friend Be every sigh our bosoms pour.
3. Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray, That scatters life and joy abroad; Pure as the lucid orb of day, That wide proclaims its Maker, God:
4. Pure as the breath of vernal skies, So pure let our contrition be; And purely let our sorrows rise To Him who bled upon the tree.

No. 138. WE'RE BOUND FO

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love:
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?

2. In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove:
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery lan-guish, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?

3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression, Can in-jure the dwellers in that ho-ly grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression; O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?

4. No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His glory whose na-ture is love;
No sickness can reach them—that country is healthy: O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?

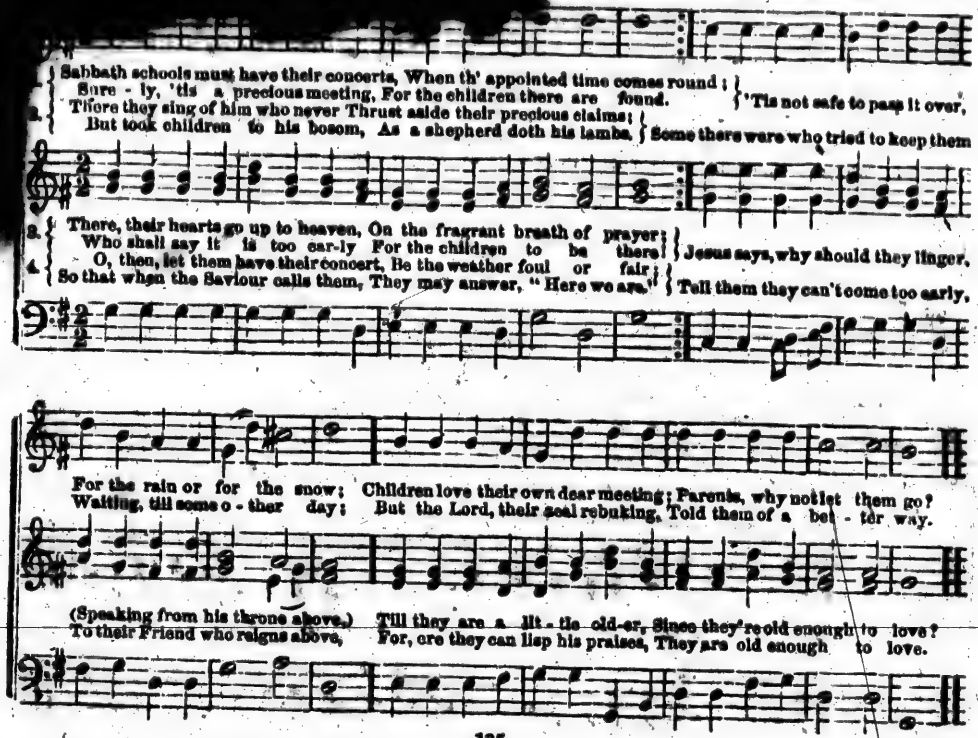
Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?

5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished:
O say, will you go to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

6. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go?
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

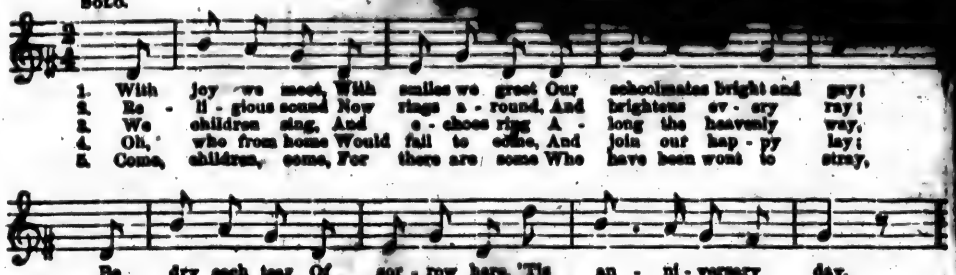
7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

8. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus: then come to him praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
Will you go, will you go,
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

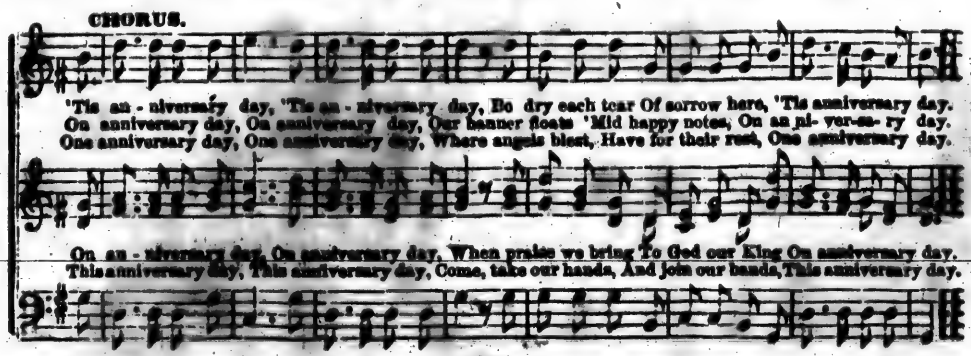

1. Sabbath schools must have their concerts, When th' appointed time comes round;
Sure - ly, 'tis a precious meeting, For the children there are found.
'Tis not safe to pass it over,
2. There they sing of him who never Thrust aside their precious claims;
But took children to his bosom, As a shepherd doth his lambs.
Some there were who tried to keep them
3. There, their hearts go up to heaven, On the fragrant breath of prayer;
Who shall say it is too ear-ly For the children to be there!
Jesus says, why should they linger,
4. O, then, let them have their concert, Be the weather foul or fair;
So that when the Saviour calls them, They may answer, "Here we are."
Tell them they can't come too early,
For the rain or for the snow; Children love their own dear meeting; Parents, why not let them go?
Waiting, till some o - ther day; But the Lord, their zeal rebuking, Told them of a bet - ter way.
(Speaking from his throne above.) Till they are a lit - tle old-er, Since they're old enough to love?
To their Friend who reigns above, For, ere they can lisp his praises, They are old enough to love.

No. 140.—WITH

SOLO.



CHORUS.



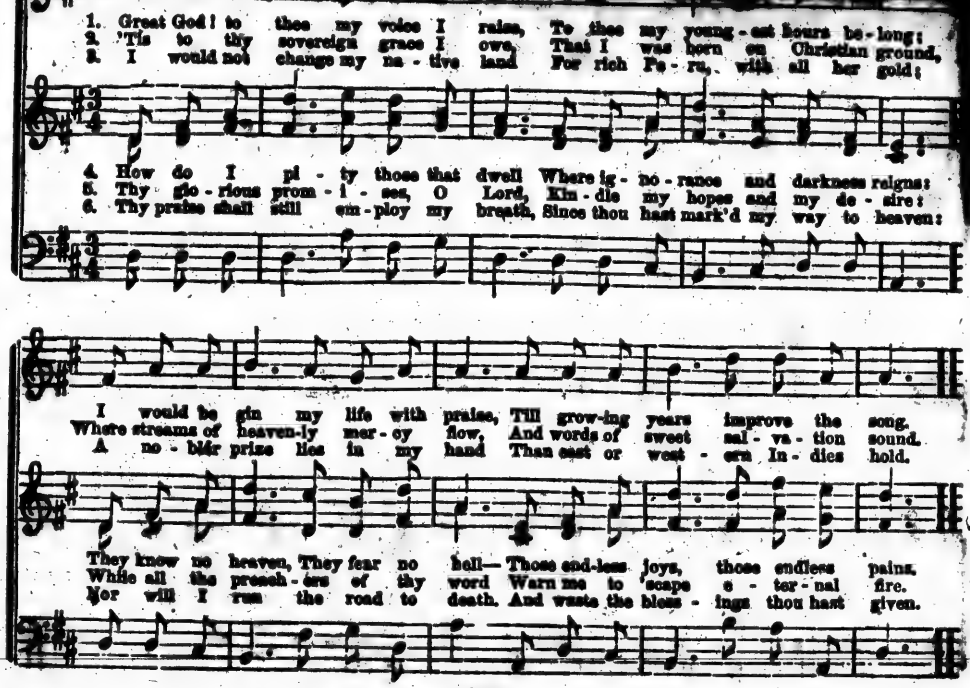
"[illegible] FOUND." S. M.

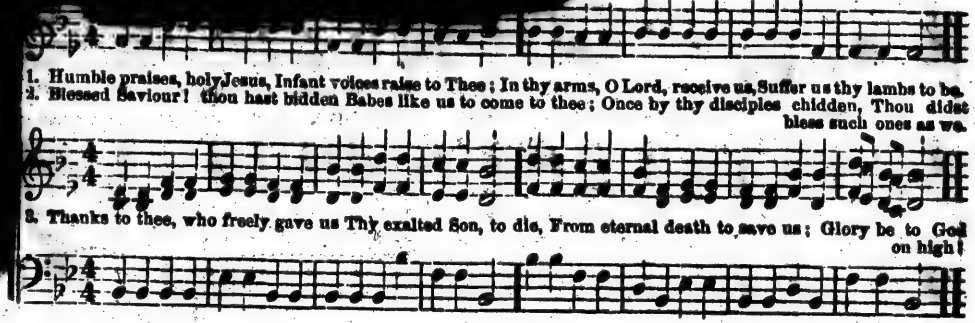
L. C. E.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can ne - ver give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,
4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun,
6. Here would we end our quest: A - lone are found in thee

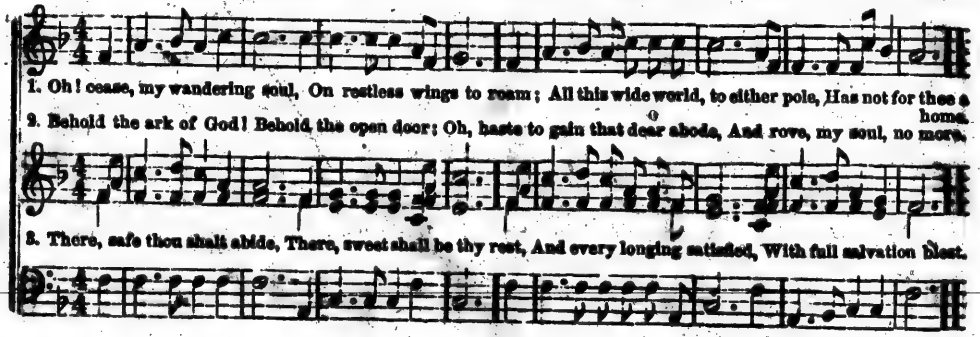
Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - measured by the flight of years—And all that life is love.

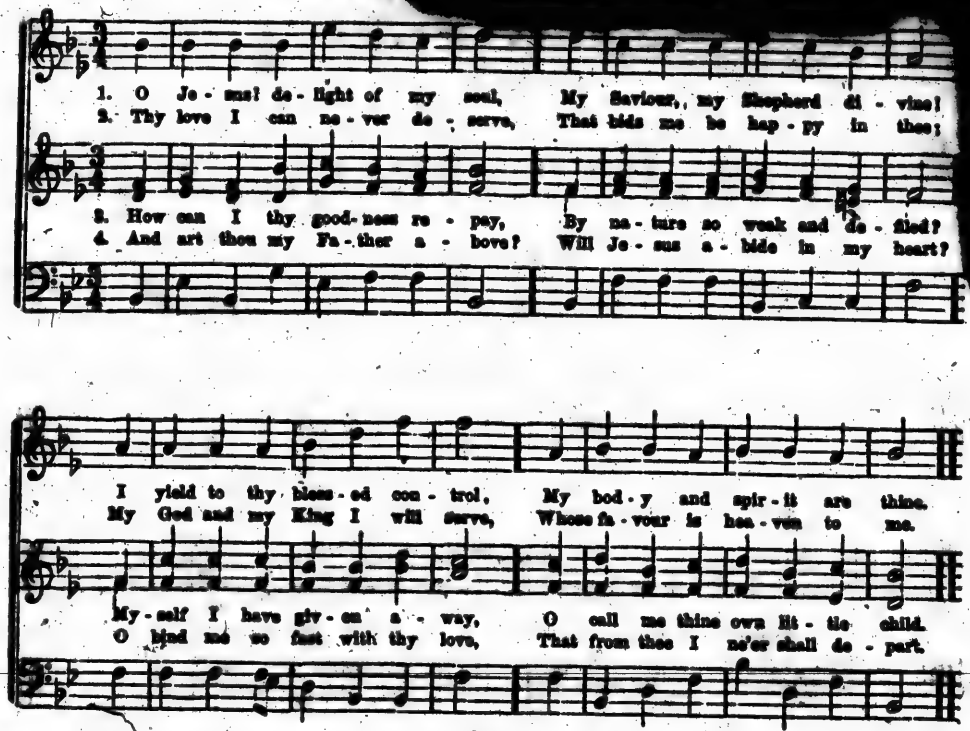
O! what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round a se - cond death!
Last we be ban - ished from thy face, And ev - er - more un - done.
The life of per - fect love, the rest Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.


1. Great God! to thee my voice I raise, To thee my young-est hours be-long;
2. 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe, That I was born on Christian ground,
3. I would not change my na-tive land For rich Pe-ru, with all her gold;
4. How do I pi-ty those that dwell Where ig-no-rance and darkness reigns:
5. Thy glo-rious prom-i-ses, O Lord, Kin-dle my hopes and my de-sire:
6. Thy praise shall still em-ploy my breath, Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven:
I would be gin my life with praise, Till grow-ing years improve the song.
Where streams of heaven-ly mer-cy flow, And words of sweet sal-va-tion sound.
A no-bler prize lies in my hand Than east or west-ern In-dies hold.
They know no heaven, They fear no hell— Those end-less joys, those endless pains.
While all the preach-ers of thy word Warn me to 'scape e-ter-nal fire.
Nor will I run the road to death, And waste the bless-ings thou hast given.



No. 144.—THE GOSPEL ARK, or LOUGHMILLER. S. M. From "New Thes. Mus."



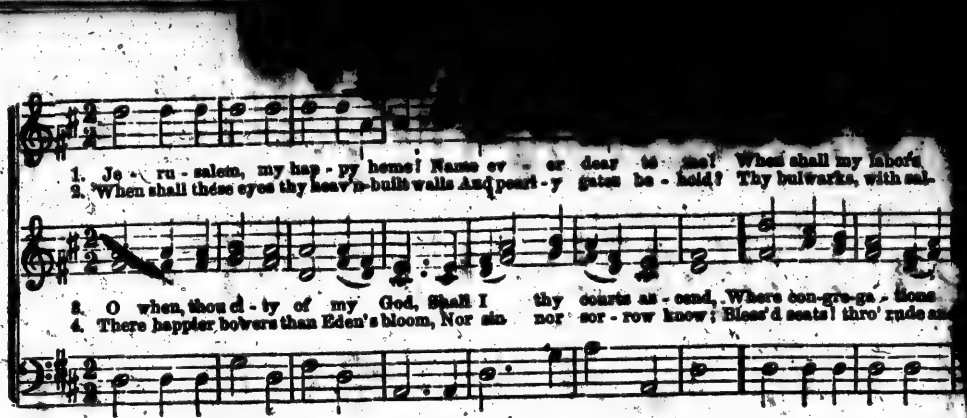

1. O Je - sus! de - light of my soul, My Saviour, my Shepherd di - vine!
2. Thy love I can ne - ver de - serve, That bids me be hap - py in thee;
3. How can I thy good - ness re - pay, By na - ture so weak and de - filed?
4. And art thou my Fa - ther a - bove? Will Je - sus a - bide in my heart?
I yield to thy bless - ed con - trol, My bod - y and spir - it are thine.
My God and my King I will serve, Whose fa - vour is hea - ven to me.
My - self I have giv - en a - way, O call me thine own lit - tle child.
O bind me so fast with thy love, That from thee I ne'er shall de - part.

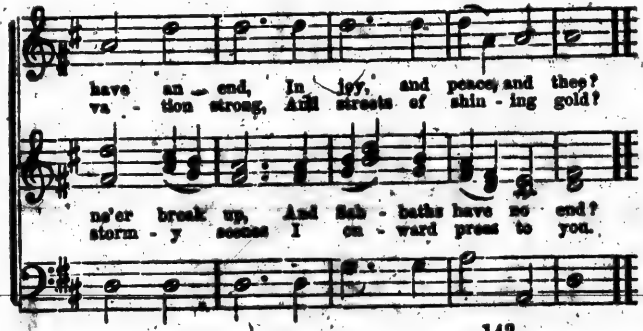
Dr. A. Brooks Everett.

1. By faith I view my Saviour dying On the tree, on the tree; To every nation he is crying, Look to
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing, Pi-ty me, pi-ty me? And did he snatch my soul from ruin? Can it
3. Je-sus the mighty God hath spoken Peace to me, peace to me; Now all my chains of sin are broken,—I am
4. Long as I live, I'll still be crying, Mercy's free, mercy's free! And this shall be my theme when dying, Mercy's

me, look to me! He bids the guilty now draw near: Re-pent, be-lieve, dismiss thy fear. Hark!
be, can it be? Oh, yes, he did sal-va-tion bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King; And
free, I am free! For as I in his name believed, The Ho-ly Spi-rit I re-ceived, And
free, mercy's free! And when the vale of death I've passed,—When lodged above the stormy blast,—I'll

Hark! what precious words I hear! Mercy's free, mercy's free! Hark! hark! what precious words I hear! Mercy's free, &c.
now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free! And now my happy soul can sing, Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Christ from death my soul retrieved: Mercy's free, mercy's free! And Christ from death my soul retrieved: Mercy's free, &c.
sing, while endless ages last, Mercy's free, mercy's free! I'll sing, while endless ages last, Mercy's free, mercy's free.





5.

Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand?
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys can see.

1. { Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Maker asks you why.
{ God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with himself to live: } He the fa - tal cause de-
2. { Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God your Saviour asks you why.
{ He who did your souls re-trieve, Died himself that you might live. } Will you let him die in

3. { Sinners, turn, why will ye die? God the Spirit asks you why:
{ He who all your lives hath strove, Woo'd you to receive his love: } Will ye not his grace re-

mands, Asks the work of his own hands; Why, ye thankless creatures, why Will ye slight his love and die?
vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain? Why, ye careless sinners, why Will ye slight his love and die?

ceive? Will you still refuse to live? O, ye dying sinners, why, Why will ye for - ev - er die?

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner Ia ev - ery land un - furled!
And be the shout, Ho - san - na! Ec - ho - ed through the world;
D. C. Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.

2. What though th' em - bat - tled le - gions Of earth and hell com - bine?
His arm through-out their re - gions, Shall soon re - splend - ent shine;
D. C. Thy tri - umph shall be glo - rious, Thy em - pire still in - crease.

3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy fa - vour, Each ran - som'd cap - tive sings;
D. C. The hills and val - leys greet - ing, The song re - spon - sive raise.

D. C.

Till ev - ery isle and na - - tion, Till ev - ery tribe and tongue
Ride on, O Lord, vic - to - - rious; Im - man - uel, Prince of Peace,
The isles for thee are wait - - ing, The ut - ers learn thy praise;

1. Once a - gain with an - i - ma - tion, In this plea - sing month of May,
2. Pa - rents, teach - ers, friends, and neigh - bours, Met with us this wel - come hour;
3. And let grat - i - tude a - wak - en, To the God who rules a - bove:
4. We are full of sin and fol - ly, Oft for - get and dis - be - lieve;
5. To his arms we're yet in - vit - ed; 'Tis the Sa - viour bids us come;

We re - peat our cel - e - bra - tion, And en - joy the fes - tive day:
Thanks for all your cares and la - bours, In our grate - ful songs we pour:
He has nev - er yet for - sak - en, Nor with - held his ten - der love.
He— so ex - cel - lent, so ho - ly, Still is wait - ing to for - give.
Let us then, with hearts u - nit - ed, Seek through him a heaven - ly home.

CHORUS to each verse.

Notes of praise, Notes of praise, Notes of praise To heaven we raise.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me: Let me hide my - self in thee!
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

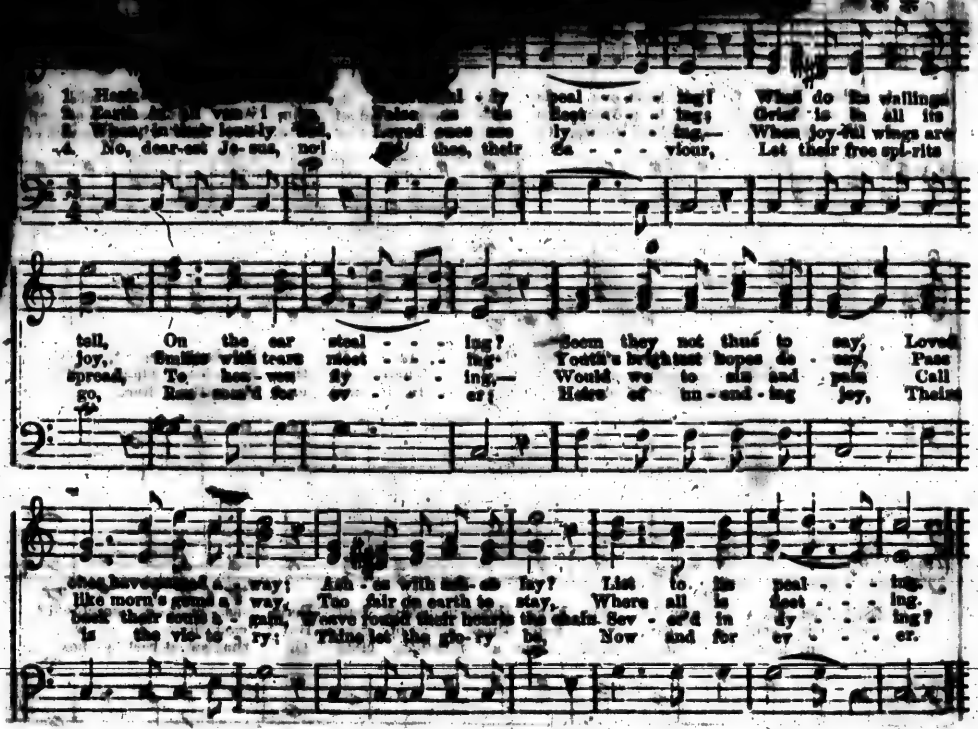
2. Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow—
D. C. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,
D. C. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me: Let me hide my - self in thee!

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side that flowed,
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone!

When I soar to worlds un - known, See thee on thy judg-ment throne,—


1. Hark! Hark! Hark!

1. The light of Sab-bath eve Is fad- a-
2. How dreadful and how drear, In you dark world of pain, Will Sabbaths lost ap-
3. To waste the Sab-bath hours, O may we nev-er share: Nor taint with thoughts of

leave, To crown the clos-ing day? Is it a Sab-bath spent, Of
peal, That can-not come a-gain! Then in that hope-less place, The
cure, These sa-cred days of prayer; But may our Sabbaths here In-

fruit-less time destroy'd? Or have these moments lost, Been sa-cred-ly employ'd?
wretched soul will say, "I had these hours of grace, But cast them all a-way."
spire our hearts with love; And prove a foretaste clear Of that sweet rest a-bove.

L. C. Evans, Toronto, C.W., Feb. 1, 1862.

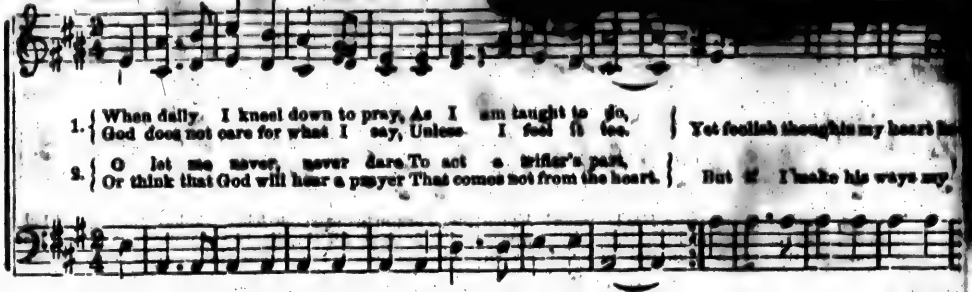
FULL CHORUS.

1 VOICE. 2 VOICES. 3 VOICES.

1. Come, children, join to sing, Hal-le-lujah! A-men! Loud praise to Christ our King, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! Let
2. Come, lift your hearts on high, Halle-lujah! A-men! Let praise-es fill the sky, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! He
3. Praise yet the Lord a-gain, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Life shall not end the strain, Halle-lu-jah, A-men! On

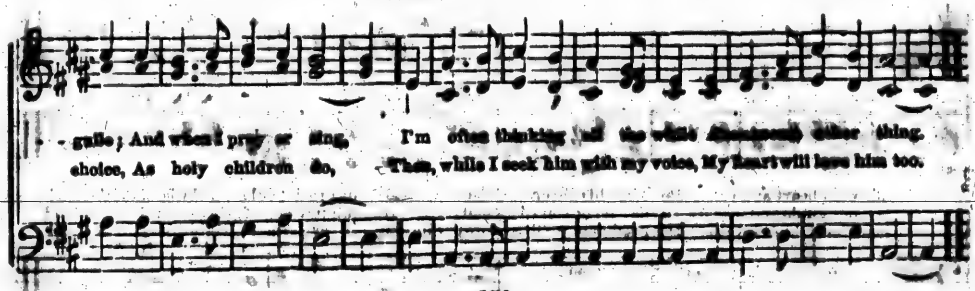
SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

all, with heart and voice, Be-fore his throne rejoice: Praise is his gracious choice, Hallelujah! A-men!
is our guide and friend; To us he'll con-de-scend; His love shall nev-er end, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!
hea-ven's blis-ful shore His good-ness we'll a-dore; Sing-ing for ev-ermore, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!



1. When daily I kneel down to pray, As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say, Unless I feel it too. } Yet foolish thoughts my heart ha

2. O let me never, never dare To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer That comes not from the heart. } But if I make his ways my



- - gulle; And when I pray or sing, I'm often thinking all the while about other thing.
choice, As holy children do, Then, while I seek him with my voice, My heart will love him too.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His army shall be led, Till ev' - ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum-pet call o - bey;
Forth to the migh - ty con - flict In this his glo - rious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him," Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.

3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

1. { He dies! the friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around: }
{ A solemn darkness veils the skies: A sudden trembling shakes the ground; } Come, saints, and drop

2. { Here 's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glory dies for men! }
{ But lo! what sudden joys we see! Jesus, the dead, revives again! } The rising God forsakes the tomb, L

3. { Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliverer reigns: } [dress King, Sa
{ Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains. } Say, "Live for ever, won -

Him who groan'd beneath your load; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richest blood.

to his Father's court he flies: Cherubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.
to redeem, and strong to save!" Then ask the monster, "Where 's thy sting?" And "Where 's thy victory,
boasting grave?"

1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross; New hear his
For you he shed his pre - cious blood, On the cross, on the cross. "E - loi! la-
2. Be - hold his arms ex - tend - ed wide, On the cross, on the cross; The sun with-
Be - hold his bleed - ing hands and side, On the cross, on the cross. The heavens are
3. Come, sin - ners, see him lift - ed up, On the cross, on the cross: To heaven he
He drinks for you the bit - ter cup, On the cross, on the cross. "'Tis finished!"
4. 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done, On the cross, on the cross, The rocks do
The bat - tle fought, the vic - tory won, On the cross, on the cross, While Je - sus
5. Wher - e'er I go, I'll tell the story Of the cross, of the cross: Yes, this my
In no - thing else my soul shall glory, Save the cross, save the cross. Thro' time and

all - im - port - ant cry,
ma - ne - ces - sa - ri!"
holds its rays of light,
clothed in shades of night,
turns his lan - guid eyes,
now the Conqueror cries,
rend, the mountains quake,
doth a - tonement make,
ent - ment theme shall be,
in e - ter - ni - ty.

Draw near, and see your Sa - viour die On the cross, on the cross.
While Je - sus doth with dev - ils fight, On the cross, on the cross.
Then bows his ma - cred head, and dies, On the cross, on the cross.
While Je - sus suf - fers for their sake, On the cross, on the cross.
That Je - sus suf - fered death for me On the cross, on the cross.

1. Live on the field of battle! Be earnest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for
2. Watch on the field of battle! The foe is everywhere; His fiery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro'

3. Pray on the field of battle! God works with those who pray; His mighty arm can nerve us, And make us win the
4. Die on the field of battle! 'Tis noble thus to die; God smiles on valiant soldiers—Their record is on high

Live, live, live, live, Live on the field of bat-tle! Live, live, live, live, Live on the field of bat-tle.
Watch, watch, watch, watch, Watch on the field of battle, Watch, watch, watch, watch, Watch on the, &c.

1st Division.

Pray, pray, pray, pray, Pray on the field of bat-tle, Pray, pray, pray, pray, Pray on the field of bat-tle.
Die, die, die, die, Die on the field of bat-tle, Die, die, die, die, Die on the field of bat-tle.

2d Division.

Child-hood and youth, how vain they seem! Their beau-ty pass-es like a dream,
1. Yet in our charge with hope we trace The fea-tures of a fu-ture race,
2. God of the church, which must re-main, While gen-e-ra-tions wax and wane,

4. Hence fill thy courts with songs of praise, Hence min-is-ters and peo-ple raise,
5. We plead thy pro-mise, sov-ereign Lord, While thus we pray with one ac-cord:

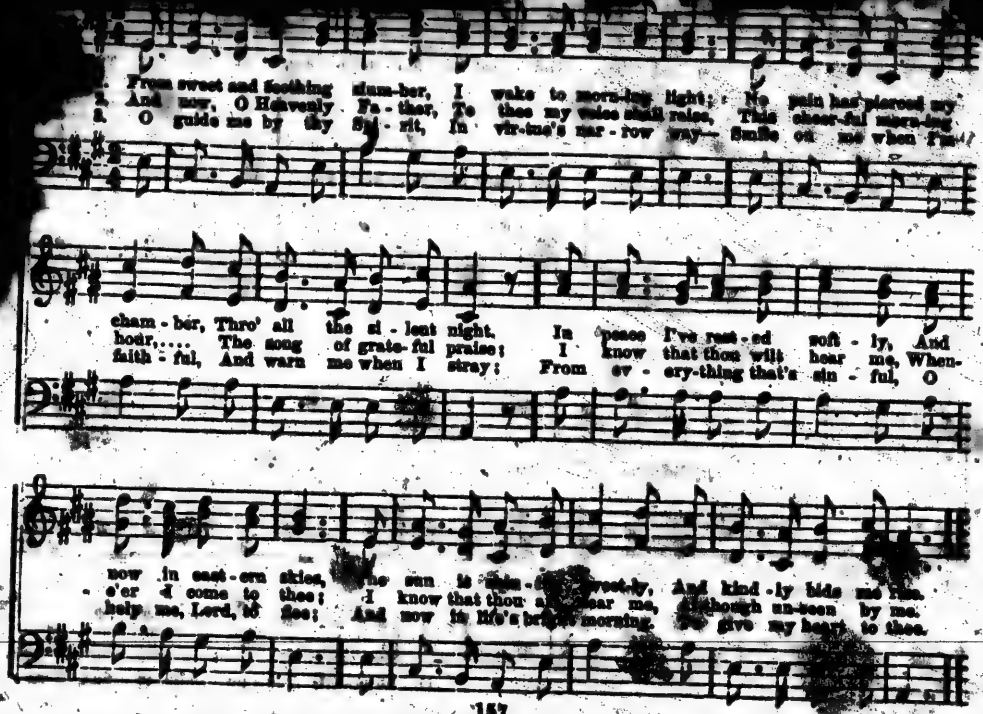
And soon or late, the love-liest bloom Will fade and with-er in the tomb.
And, in these youth-ful class-es, see The seed of church-es yet to be.
For this we toil— O deign to bless The hum-ble ef-fort with suc-cess.

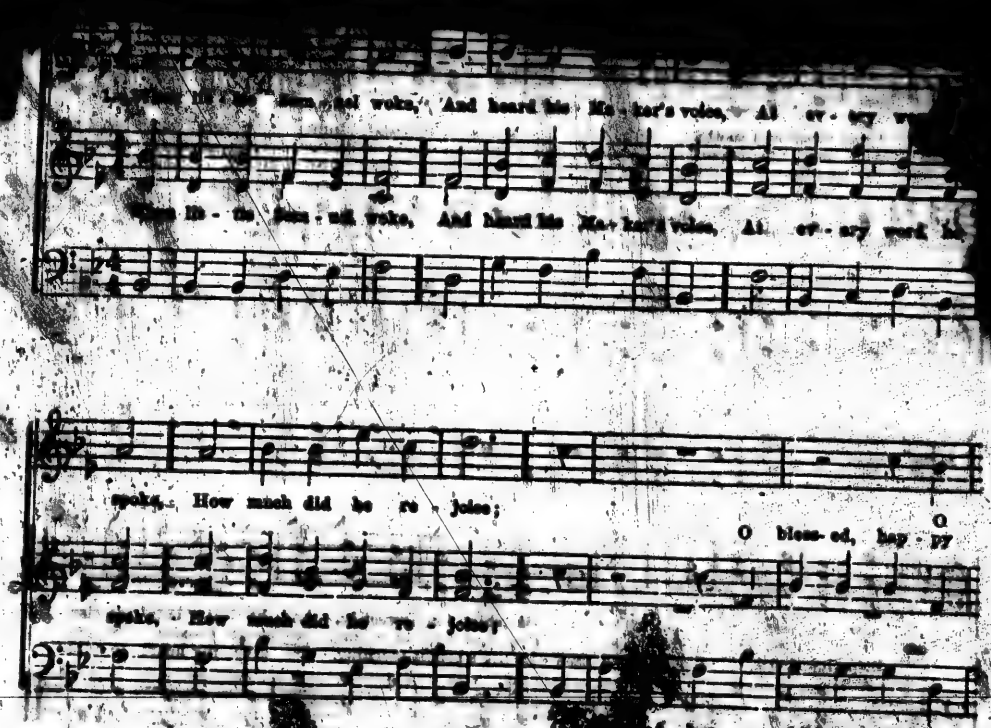
And hence sup-ply thy fail-ing bands That bear thy word to hea-then lands.
Was as thy pro-mise. let it be, For, touch-ing this, we all a-gree.

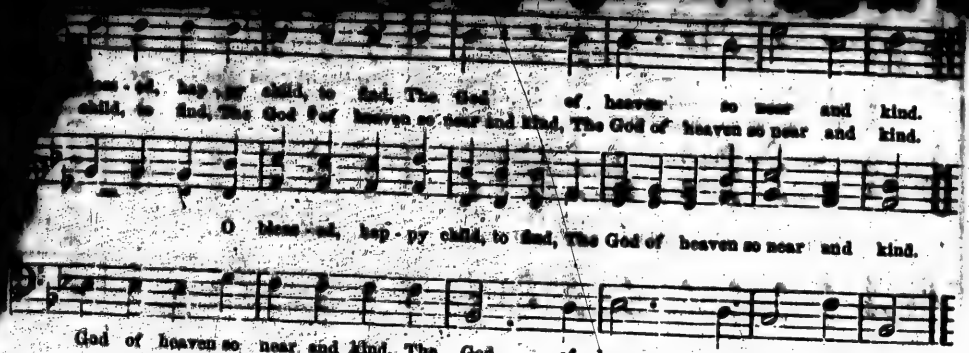
1. Now, chil-dren, to God's house re-pair, And with the ho - ly throng O give your
2. Im-prove the strength you here have gained To do his ho - ly will; Im - prove the know

hum-ble prayer, And raise the cheer-ful song. Praise God, whose mercies brought you here, Whose
here at-tained, To love and serve him still. Yet not the world have cause to say, You

goodness keeps you still; Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer, Whose power subdues your will.
served your God for nought: But grow in grace from day to day, As you have here been taught.


From sweet and soothing slum-ber, I wake to morn-ing light; No pain has pierced my
And now, O Heavenly Fa-ther, To thee my voice shall raise, This cheer-ful morn-ing
O guide me by thy Spi-rit, In vir-tue's nar-row way— Smile on me when I am
cham-ber, Thro' all the si-lent night. In peace I've rest-ed soft-ly, And
hour,.... The song of grate-ful praise; I know that thou wilt hear me, When-
faith-ful, And warn me when I stray; From ev-ery-thing that's sin-ful, O
now in east-ern skies, The sun is shin-ing sweet-ly, And kind-ly bids me rise.
e'er I come to thee; I know that thou art near me, Although un-seen by me.
help me, Lord, to flee; And now in life's bright morning, I give my heart to thee.


When Ih - ra - el woke, And heard his Ma - ker's voice, At ev - ery w
When Ih - ra - el woke, And heard his Ma - ker's voice, At ev - ery word he
spoke, How much did he re - joice;
O bless - ed, hap - py
spoke, How much did he re - joice;
hap - py child, to hear The



2. If God would speak to me,
And say he was my Friend,
How happy would I be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3. And does he never speak?
O yes! for in his word
He bids me open and seek
The God whom Samuel heard.
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4. And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I well may fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

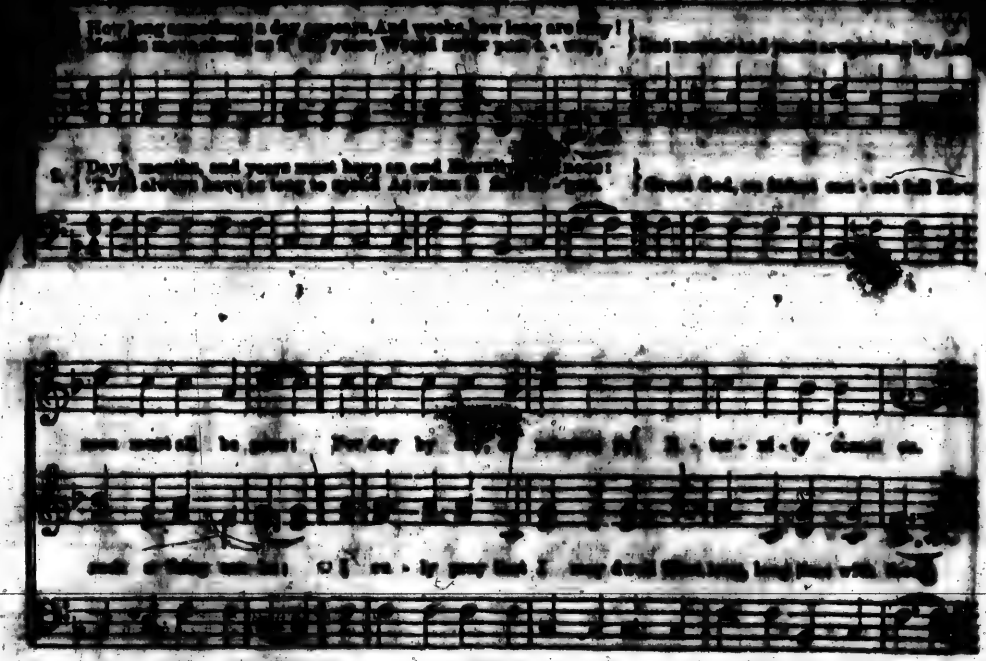
5. Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his word,
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard;"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant wait to hear.

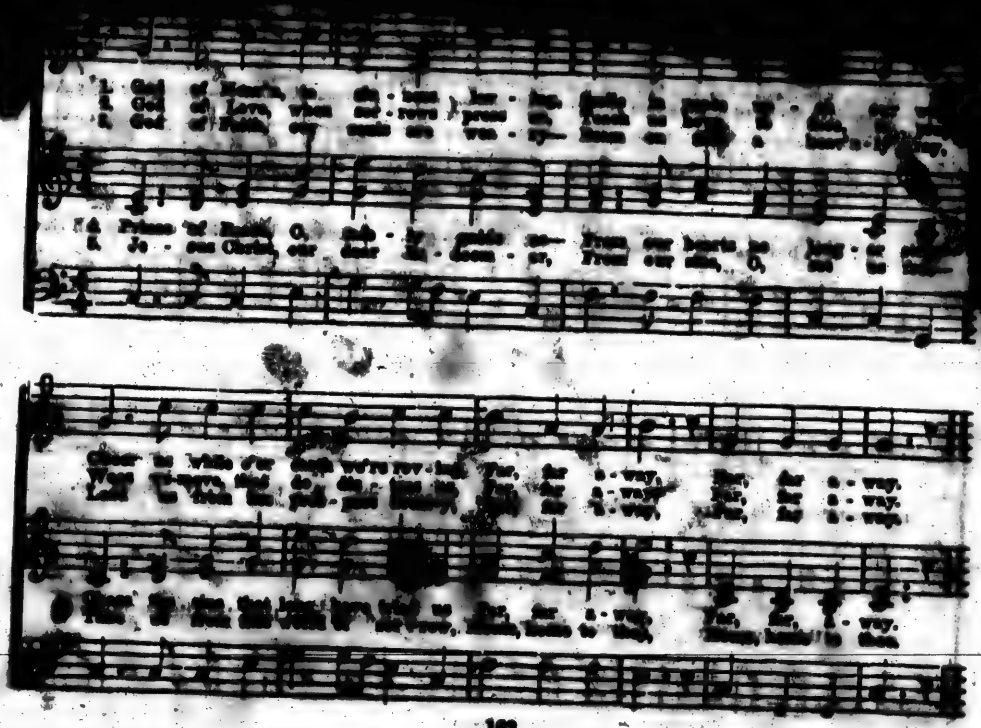
1. A - gain the kind re - volv - ing year Has brought this hap - py
2. Our watch-ful guardians, robed in light, A - dore the heaven - ly
3. They know no want, they feel no care, Nor sol - ar sight as we

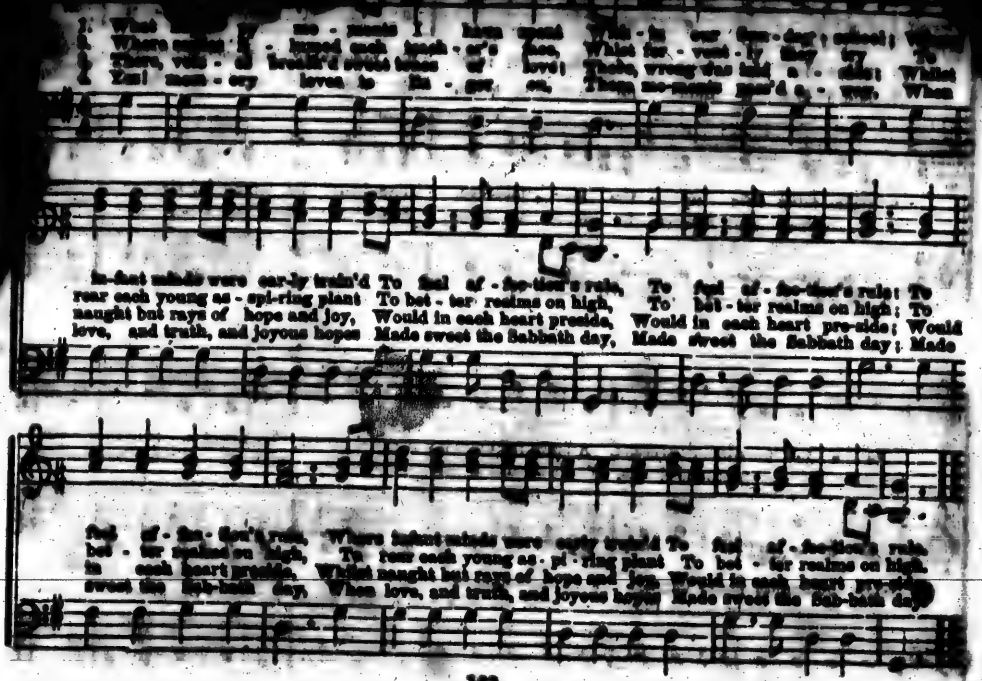
4. If aught can there en - hance their bliss, Or raise their rapture high - er,
5. With what re - sembling care and love Both worlds for us ap - pear!

And we in God's bless'd house ap - pear A - gain our vows to pay.
Ten thousand thousand, seraphs bright In - ces - sant praise - es sing.
Sor - row and sin are strangers there, And all is har - mo - ny.

New joys in heaven, at sights like this, New anthems fill the choir.
Our friendly guardians, those a - bove— Our hap - pi - ness, here.






In-fant minds were ear-ly train'd To feel af-fec-tion's rule, To feel af-fec-tion's rule; To
rear each young as-pi-ring plant To bet-ter realms on high, To bet-ter realms on high; To
naught but rays of hope and joy, Would in each heart preside, Would in each heart pre-side; Would
love, and truth, and joyous hopes Made sweet the Sabbath day, Made sweet the Sabbath day; Made
feel af-fec-tion's rule, Where infant minds were early train'd To feel af-fec-tion's rule
bet-ter realms on high, To rear each young as-pi-ring plant To bet-ter realms on high,
in each heart preside, Whilst naught but rays of hope and joy, Would in each heart pre-side
sweet the Sab-bath day, When love, and truth, and joyous hopes Made sweet the Sab-bath day

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn-ing wan-derers given; There
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sins and sor - rows driven, When

3. There faith lifts up the tear - less eye, The heart no long - er riven— And
4. There fra - grant flowers im - mor - tal bloom, And joys su - preme are given; There

is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev-ery wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.
tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heaven,

views the tempest pass - ing by, Soon evening shadows quickly fly, And all is - rene in heaven.
rays di - vine dis-perse the gloom; Be-yond the dark and narrow tomb, Ap-pears the dawn of heaven.

1. Sweet [illegible] ex - ceed - ing sweet, When the saints to - geth - er meet,
2. Sing we then o - ver - mu - ch love, Such as did the Fa - ther move;
3. Sing the Son's a - maz - ing love; How he left the realms a - bove,
4. Sing we too the Spi - rit's love; With our wretch - ed hearts he strove,

When the Sa - viour is the theme, When they join to sing of him.
He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave his Son.
Took our na - ture, and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Filled our minds with grief and fear, Brought the pre - cious Sa - viour near.

Additional Hymn for "THE HEAVENLY HOME,"—*opposite page.*

1. There is a land of calm delight
   To sorrowing mortals given;
   Where rapturous scenes enchant the sight,
   And all to soothe their souls unite;
   Sweet is their rest in—heaven.

2. There glory beams on all the plains,
   And joy for hope is given;
   There music swells in sweetest strains,
   And spotless beauty ever reigns,
   And all is love in—heaven.

3. There is a stream that ever flows,
   To passing pilgrims given;
   There fairest fruit immortal grows;
   The verdant flower eternal blows
   Amid the fields of—heaven.

4. There is a great and glorious prize
   For those with sin who've striven;
   'Tis bright as star of evening skies,
   And far above it glittering lies
   A golden crown in—heaven.

1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hal-le - lu - jah, Who from yon bright world above, Halle - lu-jah!
2. Heaven and earth by him were made, Halle - lu - jah, He by all must be o-beyed: Halle - lu-jah!

3. God, thus merci - ful and good, Hal - le - lu - jah, Bought us with a Saviour's blood, Halle - lu-jah!
4. Sing, my soul, adore his name, Hal - le - lu - jah, Let his glo-ry be thy theme, Halle - lu-jah!

Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends his grace: Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hallelujah.
What are we, that he should show So much love to us below! Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hallelujah.

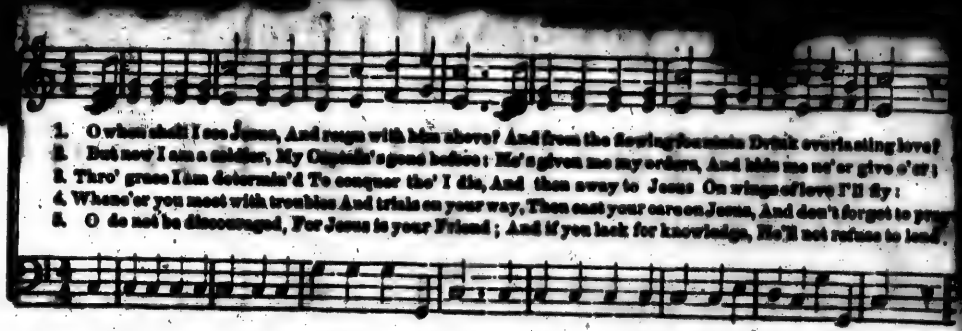
And, to make our safety sure, Guides us by his Spirit pure: Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Hallelujah.
Praise him till he calls thee home, Trust his love for all to come: Praise, O praise the God of love, Hallelujah.

1. God bless our native land, Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave,

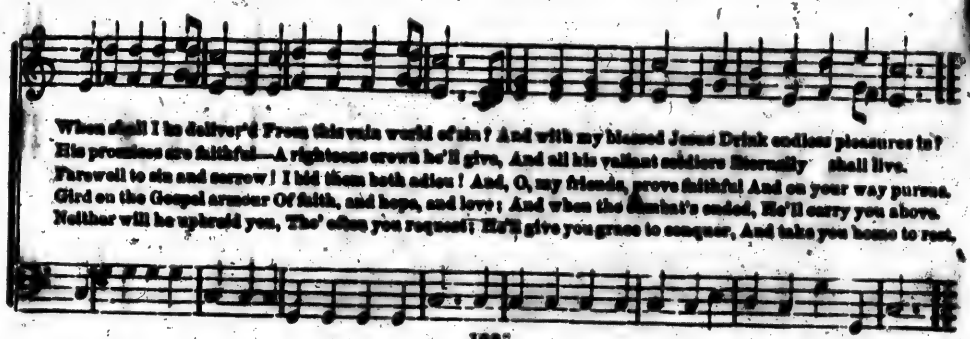
2. For her our prayer shall rise, To God above the skies; On him we wait: Thou who hast heard each sigh!
3. Bless thou our native land, Firm may she ever stand Thro' storm and night! When the wild tempests rave,

Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save By thy great might.

Watching each weeping eye, Be thou for ever nigh: God save the State.
Ruler of wind and wave! Do thou our country save By thy great might.



1. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above? And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love?
2. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before: He's given me my orders, And bids me ne'er give o'er;
3. Thro' grace I am determin'd To conquer tho' I die, And then away to Jesus On wings of love I'll fly:
4. Where'er you meet with troubles And trials on your way, Then cast your cares on Jesus, And don't forget to pray
5. O do not be discouraged, For Jesus is your Friend; And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not refuse to lend.



When shall I be deliver'd From this vain world of sin? And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless pleasures in?
His promises are faithful—A righteous crown he'll give, And all his valiant soldiers Eternally shall live.
Farewell to sin and sorrow! I bid them both adieu! And, O, my friends, prove faithful And on your way pursue.
Gird on the Gospel armour Of faith, and hope, and love; And when the combat's ended, He'll carry you above.
Neither will he upbraid you, Tho' often you request; He'll give you grace to conquer, And take you home to rest.

TEACHERS. { Come, ye children, and adore him, Lord of all, he reigns above; Come, and worship now before him, He hath call'd you by his love; } He will grant you ev'ry

CHILDREN. { On this hol-y day of gladness, We will join in praises meet; Every bosom free from sadness—All with hap-pi-ness replete. } Oh to feel the love of

TEACHERS. { Dearest children, now adore him; Swell aloud the joy-ful strain; Let the nations bow be-fore him— Echo back the notes again. } While he will accept the

CHILDREN. { Lord of all, our hearts ob-la-tion Now ascends to thee alone; We would come, with all the nation, New to worship at the throne. } Teachers, will you join the

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

{ Praise to thee, O Lord, for ev-er! Gladly now we all unite; Praise to thee, O God, the giv-er, Blessed Lord, of life and light! } Ransomed nation, spread the

blessing, Of his all-abounding grace: Come, with humble hearts, expressing All your gratitude and praise.
Je-sus! Oh to know that from a-bove Still our heav'nly Father cares us With an eye of tender love!
praises, E'en from ev'ry heart and tongue, Those to him as infant rais-es, And are sweetest of the song.
chorus? Join in hymning forth his praise, Who, for our redemption shows us All the riches of his grace.
sto-ry: Rescued people ne'er give o'er, All his grace and all his glory, Oh proclaim for ever-more.

1. I have a Father in the promised land, I have a Father in the promised land, My Father calls me,
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land, I have a Saviour in the promised land, My Saviour calls me,

3. I have a crown in the promised land, I have a crown in the promised land, When Jesus calls me,
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land, I hope to meet you in the promised land, At Jesus' feet, a

CHORUS.

I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-
I must go To meet Him in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-

I must go To wear it in the promised land. I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, I'll a-
joy-ous band; We'll praise Him in the promised land. We'll away, we'll away to the promised land, We'll a-

way, I'll away to the promised land, My Father calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
way, I'll away to the promised land, My Saviour calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.

way, I'll away to the promised land, When Jesus calls me, I must go To meet Him in the promised land.
way, We'll away to the promised land, At Jesus' feet, a joyous band; We'll praise Him in the promised land.

No. 175.—PUMROY. 7s.

From "New Tune Musicus."

1. Come! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home: Weary wanderer, hither come.

2. Hither come, for here is found Balm that flows for every wound! Peace that ever shall endure, Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

1. Shepherd, who thy flock art feeding, Take these lambs in thy arms, Now for shelter pleading.
2. Thou our guide and guard confessing, Night and day, still we pray, Shield us with thy blessing.

While the storms of life are lowering, Night and day, Beasts of prey Are lurking and de - vouring.
Shepherd, ev - ery grace com- bining, Keep these lambs In thy arms, On thy breast re - clin - ing.

No. 177.—EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE. L. M. *

1. How should the morn - ing of my days Be spent in hum- ble prayer and praise Ty
2. Up to his throne I'll lift my eyes, He will re - gard my ear - ly cries; He
3. O may his con - des - cend - ing love Still draw my heart to things a - bove, That

him who gave me life and breath, And still preserves my soul from death.
will not frown my soul a-way, He loves to hear his chil-dren pray.
I a-mong his saints may know The joys of heaven be-gun be-low.

No. 173.—ASSEMBLED SCHOOL. L. M.

Dr. E.

1. As-sembled in our school once more, O Lord, thy bless-ing we im-plore:
2. Our fer-vent prayer to thee as-cends, For pa-rents, teach-ers, foes and friends,
3. When we on earth shall meet no more, May we a-bove to glo-ry soar:

We need to read, and sing, and pray, Be with us, then, through this thy day.
And when we in thy house ap-pear, Help us to wor-ship in thy fear.
And praise thee in more lof-ty strains, Where one e-ter-nal Sab-bath reigns.

1. { Ere we part a - gain let us all u - nite, In a song of praise and love,
{ To the God who made all the stars of night, And the beau- ti- ful heavens a - bove:

2. { If we long to be with the an - gels white, Let us learn to sing God's praise:
{ If we want a crown like the Sa - viour bright, Let us praise him in joy - ful lays.

Let us praise him ev - ery hour For the ho - ly Sabbath day, Let us

For the Saviour loves to see, Lit - tle children love their play: And with

praise him in his power, And to school a - way. Let us haste a - way, Let us

Boys. Girls.

hap - py hearts and free, Haste to school a - way. Let us haste a - way, Let us

ALL.

haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste to the Sabbath school.

Boys. Girls.

haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste a - way, Let us haste to the Sabbath school.

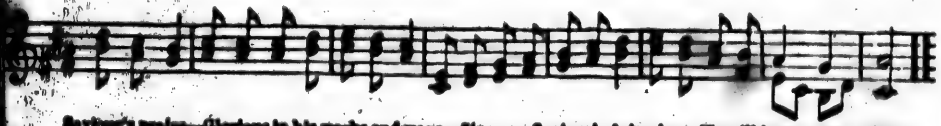
1. The Sab - bath morn is break - ing, The Sab - bath bells are ring - ing,
2. How joy - ful is the meet - ing, Each ech - o kind - ly greet - ing,
3. 'Tis sweet to join in sing - ing The songs of love re - deem - ing,
4. Our teach - ers we'll re - mem - ber; Ten thou - sand thanks we ren - der
5. But ah! how ma - ny morn - ing, With all its sweets a - dorn - ing,
6. Then ma - ny will re - mem - ber To strive our hearts to ren - der,

CHORUS.

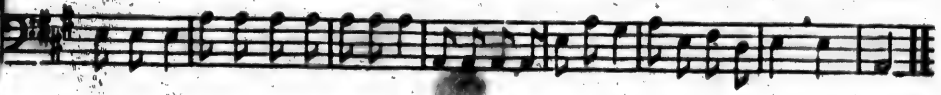
homes with joy for - sak - ing, To join the Sab - bath School, Shout, shout,
hymns of praise re - peat - ing, While in the Sab - bath School. Shout, &c.
lit - tle offer - ings bring - ing, Ho - san - nas to our King. Shout, &c.
thoughts of us so ten - der, While in the Sab - bath School. Shout, &c.
ear - ly blos - soms fall - ing, Will soon have passed a - way. Shout, &c.
now so young and ten - der, To Christ our heaven - ly King. Shout, &c.

shout, We hail the Sab-bath School, Shout, shout, shout, We hail the Sab-bath School.

1. Gloomy night is past, Morn has come at last, Bells are ringing fast, Come to Sabbath-school. There we'll sing our



Saviour's praise—Glorious in his works and ways—Sing our Saviour's dying love, He will hear us from above.

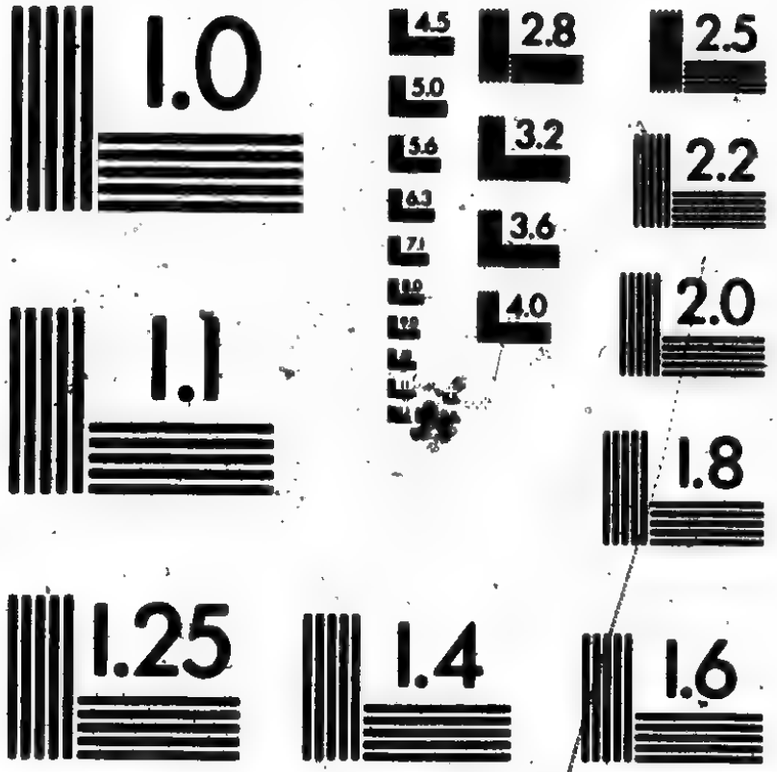


2 Cheerful sun-beams play
On the verdant lay,
And they seem to say,
"Go to Sabbath-school."

Go with grateful hearts and sing
Praises to your Lord and King—
Sing your Saviour's dying love,
He will hear us from above.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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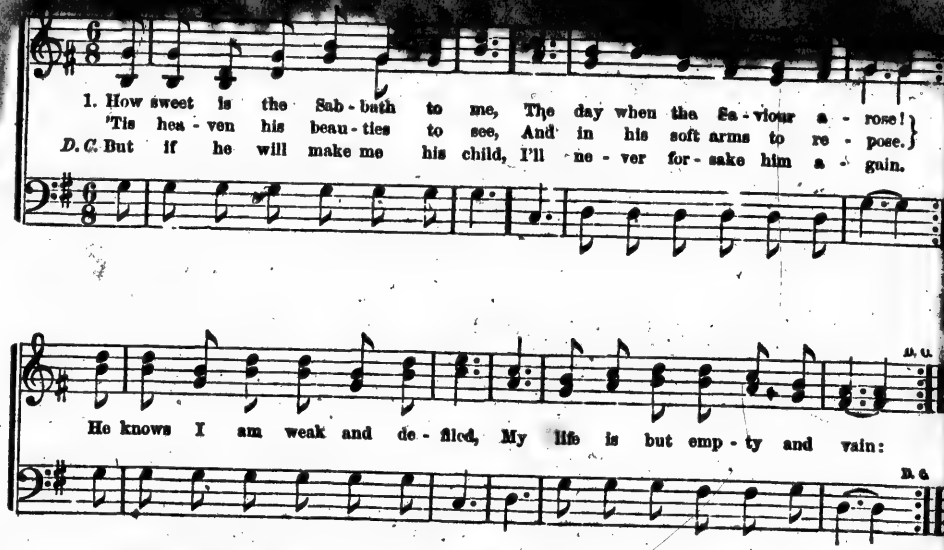
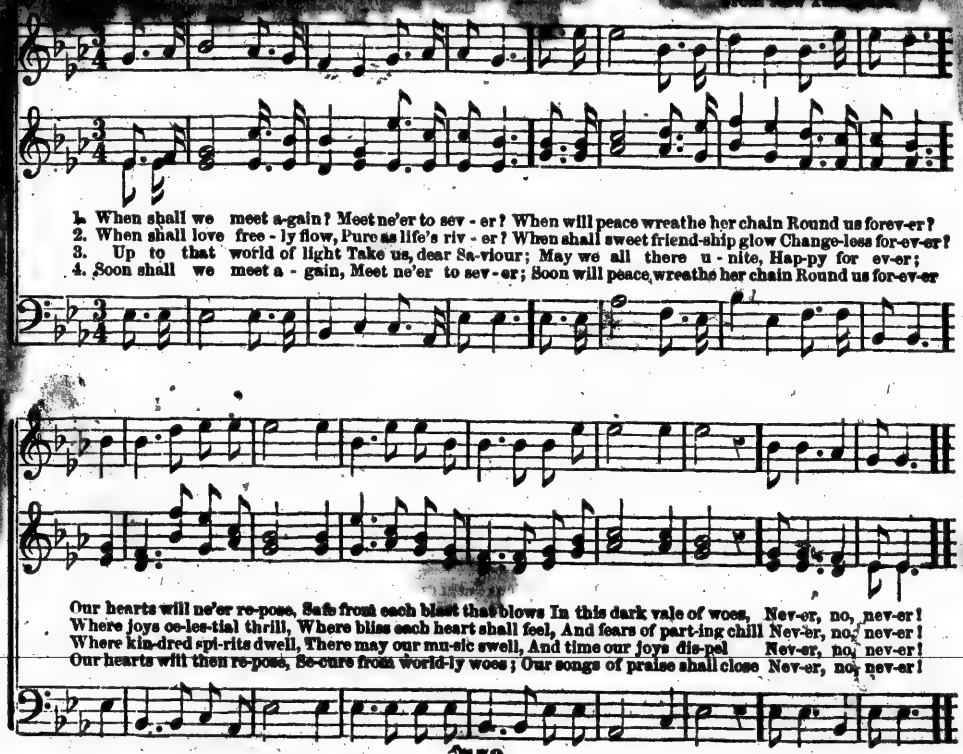


2 This day he invites me to come,
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.

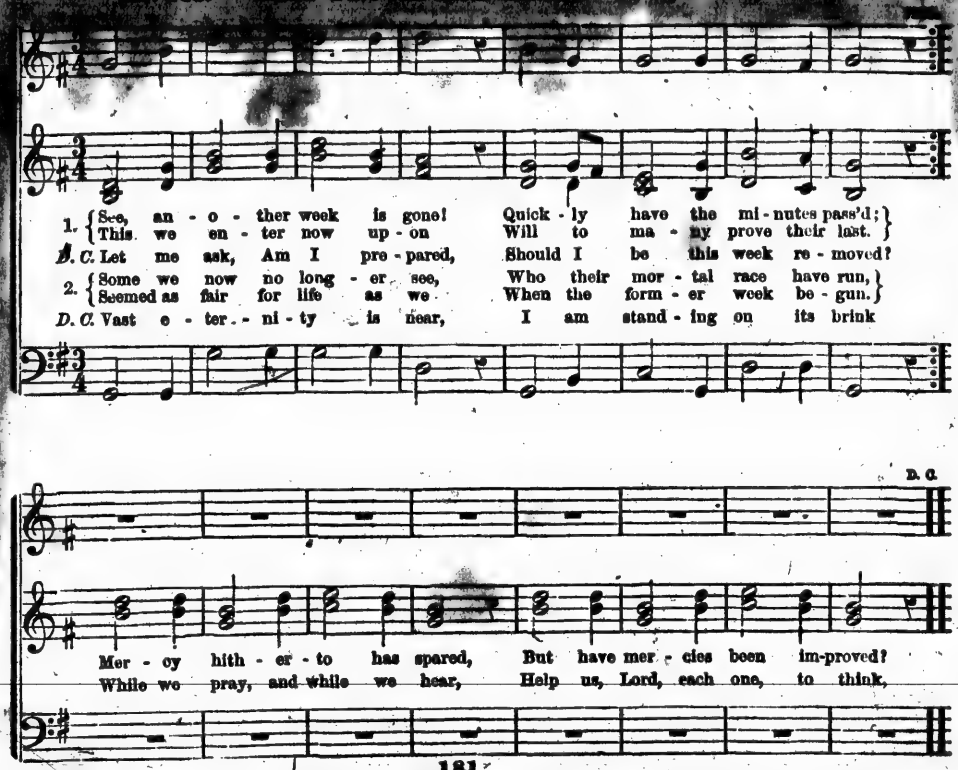
3 I cannot, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

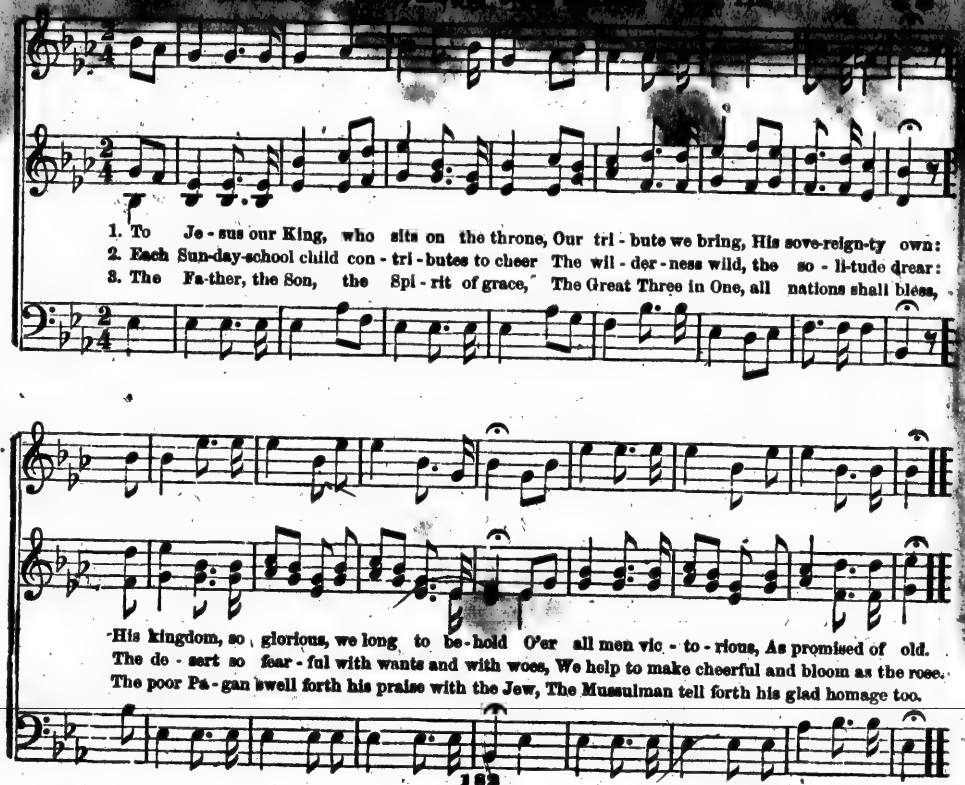

1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain Round us forev-er?
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friend-ship glow Change-less for-ev-er?
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sa-viour; May we all there u - nite, Hap-py for ev-er;
4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will peace wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er
Our hearts will ne'er re-pose, Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Where joys ce-les-tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall feel, And fears of part-ing chill Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Where kin-dred spi-rits dwell, There may our mu-sic swell, And time our joys dis-pel Nev-er, no, nev-er!
Our hearts will then re-pose, Se-cure from world-ly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no, nev-er!

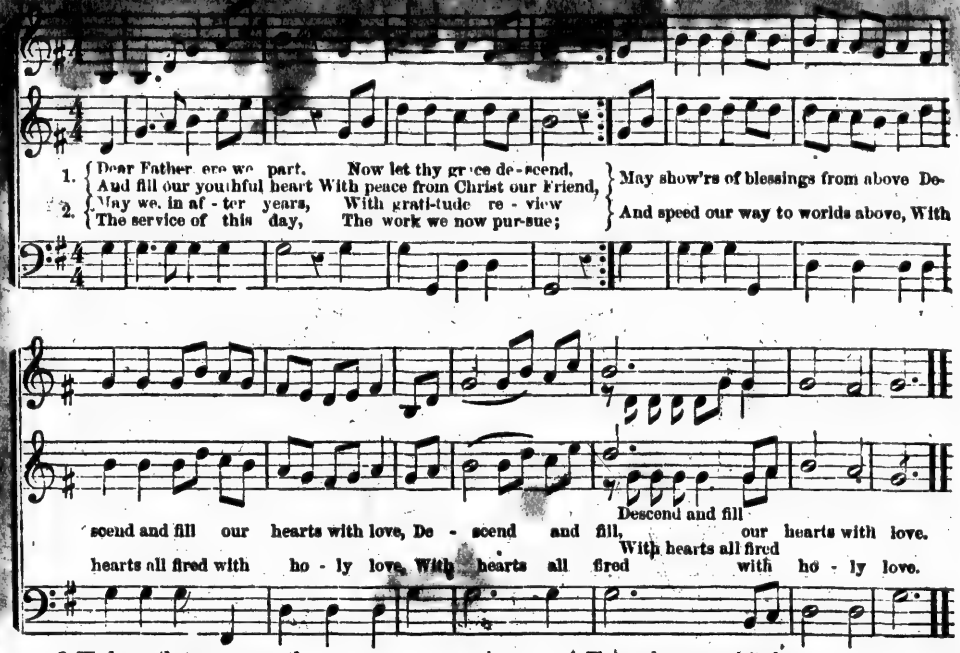
1. How pleasant here a - gain to meet, How joy - ful thus to raise Our tune - ful notes in
2. Then let us strive, while we have breath, His precepts to o - bey; For soon the so - lemn
3. To our dear friends, assem - bled here, A debt of love we owe, For acts of kind-ness

songs so sweet, To our Re-deem - er's praise! To us he has been ev - er kind: Oh,
hour of death Will sum-mon us a - way. The dear de-lights we now en - joy Will
year by year, Which they on us be - stow. May God in mer - cy bless them all With

bless - ed be his name; He bears us still up - on his mind; His love re-mains the same.
then have pass'd a - way; But heav'n af-fords more sweet em-ploy, Through one eter - nal day.
hope, and joy, and peace, And with us meet, when he shall call, Where pleasures never cease.

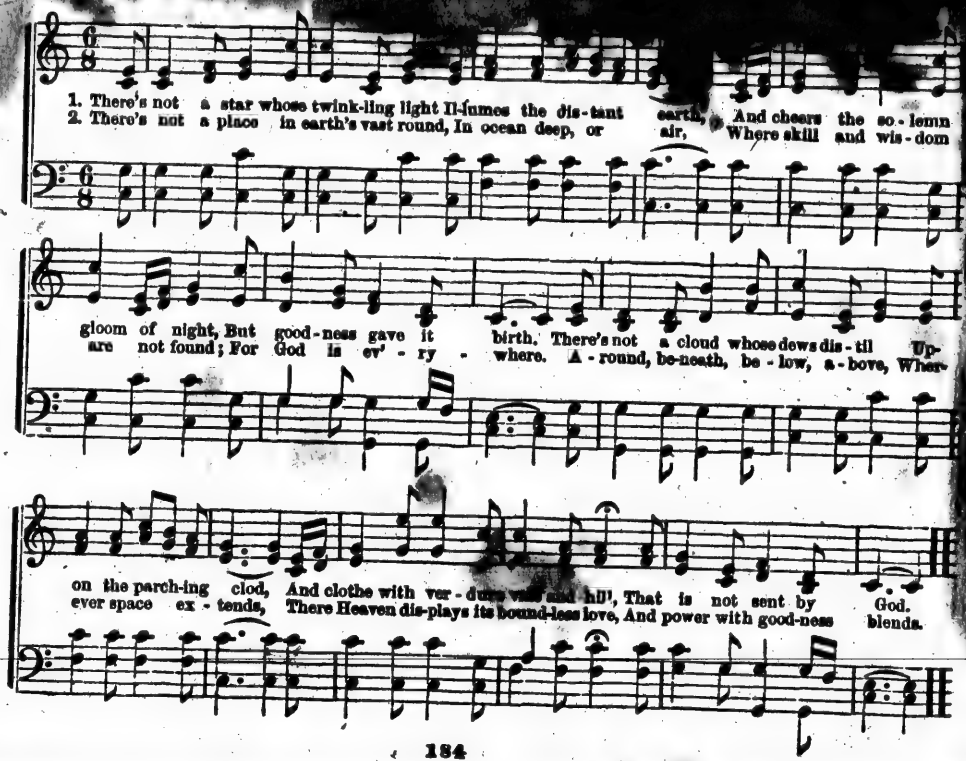

1. See, an - o - ther week is gone! Quick - ly have the mi - nutes pass'd;
This we en - ter now up - on Will to ma - ny prove their last.
D. C. Let me ask, Am I pre - pared, Should I be this week re - moved?
2. Some we now no long - er see, Who their mor - tal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we When the form - er week be - gun.
D. C. Vast e - ter - ni - ty is near, I am stand - ing on its brink
D. C.
Mer - cy hith - er - to has spared, But have mer - cies been im-proved?
While we pray, and while we hear, Help us, Lord, each one, to think,


1. To Je - sus our King, who sits on the throne, Our tri - bute we bring, His sove-reign-ty own:
2. Each Sun-day-school child con - tri - butes to cheer The wil - der - ness wild, the so - li-tude drear:
3. The Fa-ther, the Son, the Spi - rit of grace, The Great Three in One, all nations shall bless,
His kingdom, so glorious, we long to be-hold O'er all men vic - to - rious, As promised of old.
The de - sert so fear - ful with wants and with woes, We help to make cheerful and bloom as the rose.
The poor Pa - gan swell forth his praise with the Jew, The Mussulman tell forth his glad homage too.



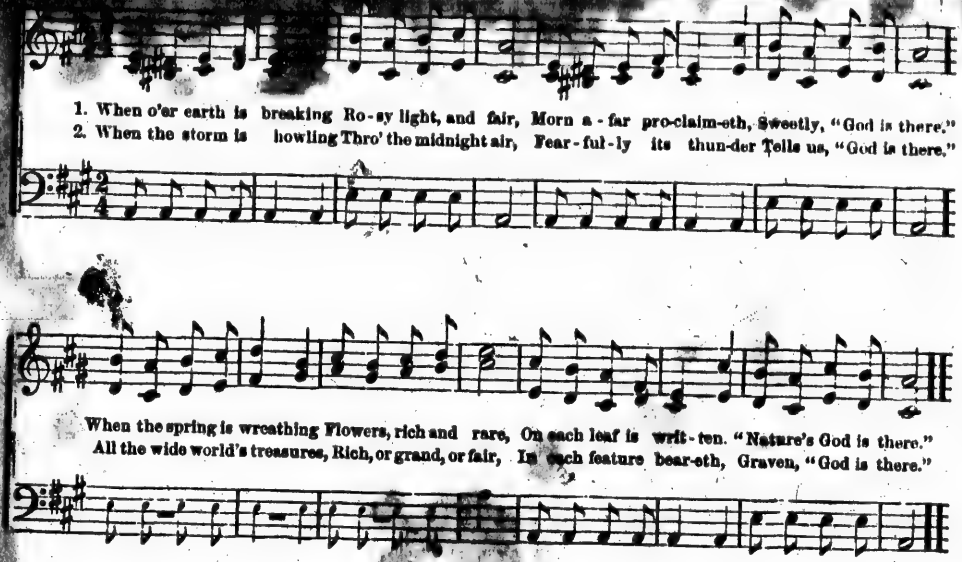
3 We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end,
Our own most cherish'd hopes
To Death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,
Must soon lie wither'd in the tomb.

4 Then, when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they to God, who gave,
Ascend in endless day.
And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.


1. There's not a star whose twink-ling light il-lumes the dis-tant earth, And cheers the so-lemn
2. There's not a place in earth's vast round, In ocean deep, or air, Where skill and wis-dom
gloom of night, But good-ness gave it birth. There's not a cloud whose dews dis-til Up-
are not found; For God is ev' - ry - where. A - round, be-neath, be - low, a - bove, Wher-
on the parch-ing clod, And clothe with ver - dure vale and hill, That is not sent by God.
ever space ex - tends, There Heaven dis-plays its bound-less love, And power with good-ness blends.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE. 6 s & 4 s.

D. A. E. WEBER.



3 In the Sabbath-school-rooms,
As we join in prayer,
Every falling accent
Tells us, "God is there."
Kindly teachers point us,
With regard and care,
To the heavenly mansion,
Saying, "God is there."

4 Let us learn those lessons,
Taught us everywhere,
And, if sin assail us,
Think that "God is there."
Then, at last, with angels,
Ever bright and fair,
Singing glorious anthems,
We'll see "God is there."

Come to the sha - dy grove. Come! Come! Come! Come! Come to the sha - dy grove. Come to the

Come! Come! Come! { Come to the sha - dy grove, Come where the wild birds sing, Come to the rock - y height, Come to the moon - lit dell, } Come! Come! { Come to the sha-dy grove, Come where the wild birds sing, Come to the rock - y height, Come to the moonlit dell, } Come Come Come Come

Come! Come to the sha - dy grove. Come to the sha - dy grove, Come

1st 2d

sha - dy grove. grove. The brook rolls bright - ly on, the brook rolls bright - ly on.
And bid dull care be - gone, and bid dull care be - gone.
And see the sun go down, and see the sun go down.
The day is past and gone, the day is past and gone.

1st 2d

to the sha - dy grove. grove. The brook rolls bright - ly on, rolls bright - ly on, rolls brightly on.
where the wild birds sing. And bid dull care, dull care begone. dull care begone, dull care begone.
to the rock - y height. And see the sun, the sun go down, the sun go down, the sun go down.
to the moonlit dell. The day is past, is past and gone, is past and gone, is past and gone.

1st 2d

to the sha - dy grove. grove. The brook rolls bright - ly on, the brook, the brook rolls brightly on.
And bid dull care be-gone, and bid, and bid dull care be-gone.
And see the sun go down, and see; and see the sun go down.
The day is past and gone, the day. the day is past and gone.

Come! Come! Come!
Come to the sha - dy grove, the sha - dy grove, The brook rolls bright - ly
Come where the wild birds sing, the wild birds sing, And bid dull care be-
Come to the rock - y height, the rock - y height, And see the sun go
Come to the moon - lit dell, the moon - lit dell, The day is past and

Come! Come! Come!
Come to the sha - dy grove, the sha - dy grove, The brook rolls bright - ly
Come where the wild birds sing, the wild birds sing, And bid dull care be-
Come to the rock - y height, the rock - y height, And see the sun go
Come to the moon - lit dell, the moon - lit dell, The day is past and

on, the brook rolls bright - ly on. So has - ten, so has - ten, has - ten, ev' - ry one.
gone, and bid dull care be - gone.
down, and see the sun go down.
gone, the day is past and gone.

on, The flow'rs in - vite to love. So has - ten, so has - ten, has - ten ev' - ry one.
gone, While woods and val - leys ring. Come has - ten, come has - ten, has - ten ev' - ry one.
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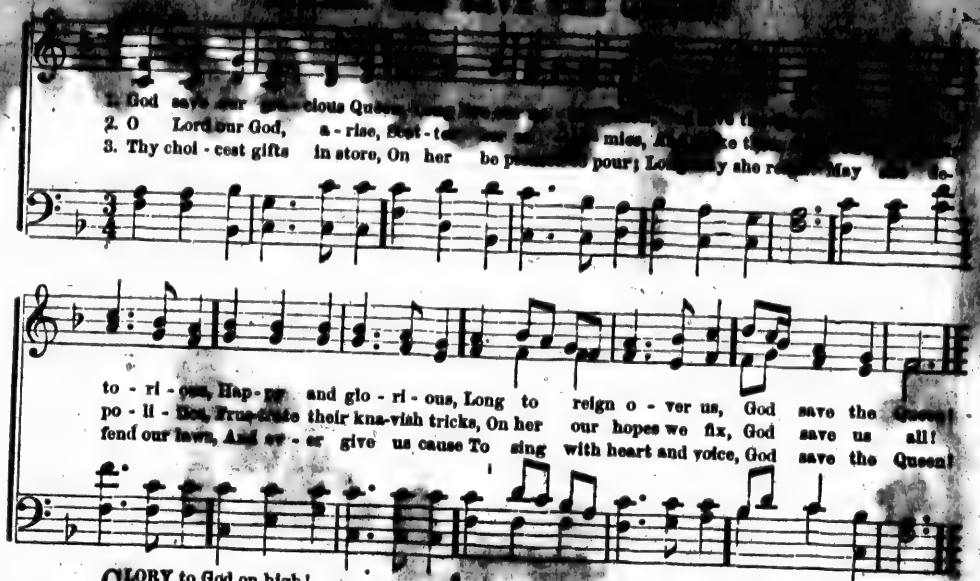
on, The flow'rs in - vite to love. So has - ten, so has - ten, has - ten ev' - ry one.
gone, While woods and val - leys ring.
down, While drops the veil of night.
gone, The sun has bid fare - well.



GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Saints, sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Join all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting, with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Soon must we change our place;
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name;
Still will we tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And, through all ages, sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

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Miss Julia Bradley